Chronicles

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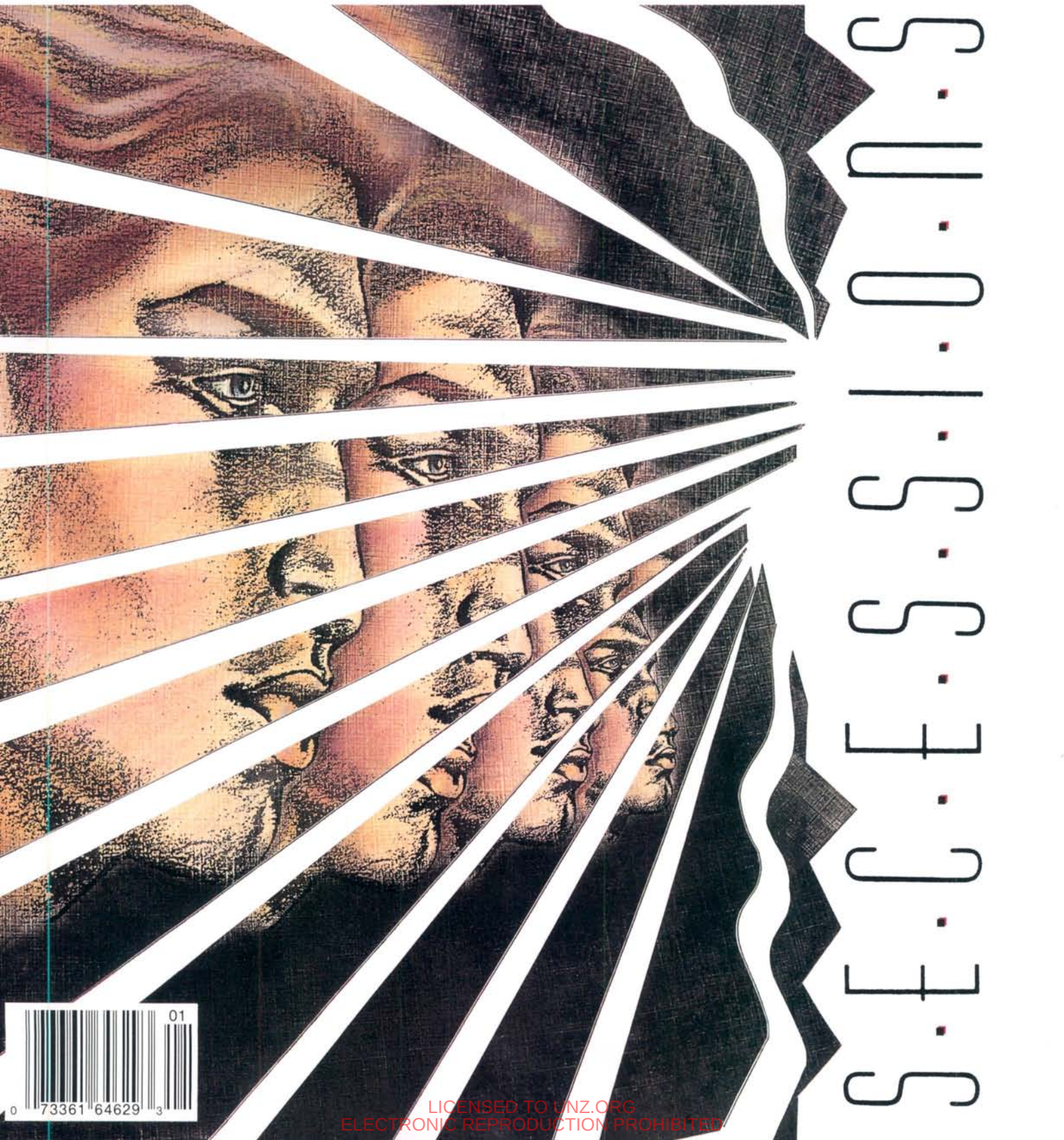

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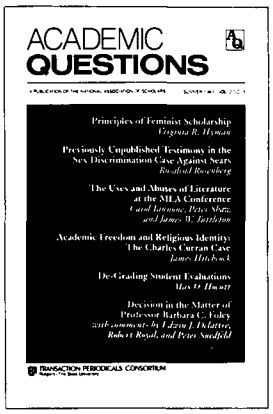
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EDITOR
Thomas Fleming

MANAGING EDITOR
Katherine Dalton

SENIOR EDITOR, BOOKS
Chilton Williamson, Jr.

ASSISTANT EDITOR
Theodore Pappas

ART DIRECTOR
Anna Mycek-Wodecki

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS
John W. Aldridge, Harold O.J. Brown, Samuel Francis, George Garrett, Russell Kirk, E. Christian Kopff, Clyde Wilson

CORRESPONDING EDITORS
Janet Scott Barlow, Odie Faulk, Jane Greer, John Shelton Reed, Gary Vasilash

EDITORIAL SECRETARY
Leann Dobbs

PUBLISHER
Allan C. Carlson

ASSOCIATE PUBLISHER
Michael Warder

PUBLICATION DIRECTOR
Guy C. Reffett

COMPOSITION MANAGER
Anita Fedora

CIRCULATION MANAGER
Rochelle Frank

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Chronicles
A MAGAZINE OF AMERICAN CULTURE
Vol. 15, No. 1 January 1991

On Martin Luther King, Jr.

In "Revolution and Tradition in the Humanities Curriculum" (September 1990), Thomas Fleming repeats the false story that Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr. plagiarized his Boston University doctoral dissertation. The charge has been made several times in the last year and appears to be spreading like whooping cough among the unvaccinated. Allow me to introduce some penicillin.

Dr. King's dissertation has, in fact, been scrupulously examined and reexamined by scholars, including scholars who are thoroughly familiar with the "personalist" theological tradition to which Dr. King's dissertation was a contribution and who would stand the best chance of catching any nonattributed quotations. Not a single instance of plagiarism of any sort has been identified.

The apparent source of this defamatory rumor was an article that appeared last December in a London newspaper —an article that was refuted by its supposed primary source in a subsequent issue. To my knowledge, the reappearance of this rumor in a recent issue of *Chronicles* is the first time that any reputable journal has stumbled into this pseudo-controversy.

To set the record straight, since 1955, when Dr. King submitted his dissertation, "A Comparison of the Conceptions of God in the Thinking of Paul Tillich and Henry Nelson Wieman," not a single reader has ever found any nonattributed or misattributed quotations, misleading paraphrases, or thoughts borrowed without due scholarly reference in any of its 343 pages. If you or anyone else have evidence to the contrary, it should be presented.

—*Jon Westling*
President ad interim
Boston University
Boston, MA

A full discussion of this matter can be found on page 25.

On 'National Service'

I have read Theodore Pappas's review essay (November 1990) in which he advocates compulsory national service and find his proposal quite unconvincing for the following reasons.

First, despite the inclusion of military "boot camp," it is not likely that the courts would uphold the constitutionality of the law because of the "window dressing" nature of the training. Second, the option to serve the remaining nine months in a military service with real warriors is quite impractical. The current organization of all of the armed services requires high degrees of professionalism and motivation, and the "nine-month soldier" would not only be completely useless to the military units to which he was assigned but would degrade unit performance as well. Third, compliance would be difficult to impossible to enforce. Fourth, in this age of burgeoning deficits, where would the funding come from? And fifth, before making claims that the public supports compulsory national service, a great deal more surveying and analysis needs to be done. If my estimate is correct, the proverbial "man on the street" supports it for his neighbor's son, not for his own.

In conclusion I must say that I am surprised that an editor of *Chronicles* would make a proposal so redolent of outright fascism.

—*Robert C. Whitten*
Cupertino, CA

Mr. Pappas Replies:

No careful reader could conclude that my essay advocates national service. Instead, it points out both the pros and cons of many of the plans recently proposed in Congress and then offers a sketch of what might be the least harmful and most beneficial plan of national service that could be enacted. It even acknowledges that the type of national service most likely to be approved is a pork-barrel serving of what Bruce

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Chapman calls that "old liberal porridge" from the "great stove of government expansionism." This is hardly a clarion call to rev up the draft boards.

Secondly, the charge that I outline a fascistic plan of national service is patently absurd. A system of national service organized and operated at the state and local levels—meeting the social and environmental needs deemed worthy by state and local communities, not Washington bureaucrats—would be the very antithesis of the centralist dogma on which fascism is based. If *Chronicles* were going fascist, we would be supporting the plan recently proposed by a prominent conservative, a plan to tie college financial aid and home-buying assistance to service in a Police ROTC and to organize high-school students into paramilitary platoons that would conduct "surveillance" while acting as a "presence" in our neighborhoods. We're not and we don't.

On the 'National Endowment for the Arts'

The crux of Jacob Neusner's (Cultural Revolutions, September 1990) frustration lies in the fact that he is desperately trying to find a "middle position" solution to the NEA funding crisis. There is no middle position to take with NEA, simply because the very nature of its being violates free market principles. Art is a business just like any other business and should not be exempt from the dictates of the consumer.

Censorship *is* an issue in NEA funding—however, not in the same context currently used by supporters of the NEA. It is ironic to think that the ones who distribute and the ones who receive NEA funding are the first to cry censorship when their taste in "art" is questioned. Is it not censorship to the many who do not receive funds? Is it not censorship for the state to decide what is and is not art?

The fact is censorship is not such a bad word, so long as there are objective rather than subjective standards in place. And the only possible way for objective censorship to take place is to return the arts to the free market where the consumer will decide what is and is not "art." This will be the only solution to saying "yes to the arts, no to pornography, and no to censorship."

—Barbara Rauch
Houston, TX

CULTURAL REVOLUTIONS

SYRIA'S CONQUEST of Lebanon is the first fruits of the Bush administration's Middle Eastern policy. While 200,000 American soldiers were fighting off boredom in Saudi Arabia, our newest noble ally in the region, "President" Assad of Syria, was storming the Christian positions in Beirut. With a 40,000-man force that included hundreds of Soviet T-54 tanks, the Syrian army finally broke the resistance of the Christian militia headed by General Michel Aoun. Early reports put the casualties at 300, but the death toll has climbed to at least 750, including a large number of Christian militiamen who were shot with their hands tied behind their backs.

The Syrian conquest, conducted under the very feeble pretext of assistance to the Syrian-backed Lebanese President Hrawi, marks the end not just of the fifteen-year civil war in Lebanon but of the country itself. The tragedy of Lebanon is also a milestone in the deteriorating relations between Christians and Muslims in the Middle East. In the 1950's, Lebanon was a shining example of what a free economy and political toleration could achieve in a multiethnic society. The Christian half of the population did exercise a sort of political preeminence, but this special position was largely the effect of the economic success of the pro-Western, French-educated Christians. When pan-Arab nationalists attempted to overthrow the constitutional government of President Camille Chamoun in 1958, President Eisenhower was quick to send in the Marines to defend a legitimate government that governed the only free and thriving country in the Arab world. He was also, as we all knew, defending a people whose religion and way of life had much in common with our own.

Even in the midst of almost continuous civil war, the Lebanese people—Christian and Muslim alike—displayed incredible fortitude. All they needed, it seemed, was a few months of comparative peace, and they were busy repairing houses and hotels and rebuilding the economy. Now, after a suitable period of massacre and pillaging, the Lebanese can become the exploited subjects of a greater Syrian empire. Their new leader is more ruthless than Saddam Hussein, more savage even than the Hitler-Hussein of George Bush's nightmares. But, as we like to say in America, he's "our S.O.B."

There is considerable speculation in Washington that the Bush administration gave Assad the green light, but Assad hardly needed any encouragement. As our faithful ally at this difficult juncture, he knew he could count on the silence, if not the support of the United States. How times have changed. In 1958 a moderate Republican administration sent in the Marines to protect the Christian pro-Western government of Camille Chamoun; in 1990 another moderate Republican President sends troops to defend the virulently anti-Christian royal house of Saud and connives at the massacre of Lebanese Christians, including the son of former president Chamoun: a week after General Aoun's surrender, Christian leader Dany Chamoun, who remained in Beirut under Syrian protection, was brutally murdered along with his wife and two children. What is the administration's response to this violent and brutal conquest? The State Department would only comment that it hoped Aoun's surrender "ends a sad chapter of Lebanon's history." So much for America's determination to

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resist aggression.

As the Gulf farce continues, we are provided with almost daily evidence that George Bush is a worthy successor to Jimmy Carter. It was under Carter that the crusade for international human rights came out in the open as a campaign against national sovereignty, and throughout the so-called crisis in the Gulf, the key American decisions have nearly all been justified on the grounds of collective security, the United Nations, or international human rights. Within a mere 48-hour period, President Bush once again denounced Saddam Hussein as another Hitler, threatening him with a war crimes trial, if there were any more incidents of Iraqi soldiers shooting civilians. As if American soldiers have never shot civilians, as if that were all that Heinrich Himmler was accused of, as if the Nuremberg trials were not a travesty of every decent principle of national and international law. As Churchill among so many others insisted at the time, the worst of the Nazis should have been shot as soon as they were captured, without setting a precedent that could some day be used against Britain and America. As the tide turns against nuclear weapons, will the United States someday be required to pay reparations to the Japanese?

But worse, far worse than the reckless Presidential rhetoric was the U.N. resolution to send a delegation to Israel to investigate the killing of 21 Palestinians. The United States, eager to appease its vehemently anti-Christian allies in the Arab world, voted in favor of the resolution, provoking the Israeli countermove: the decision to step up the settlement of Soviet Jews in East Jerusalem.

Many if not most Americans probably deplore the excessive force used by the Israeli government against Palestinians, and many if not most would be delighted to see the United States begin lowering its foreign aid to Israel, foreign aid that enables the government of Israel to provide a welfare safety net far in excess of what we enjoy here. Some Americans, at least, would be content to see Israel withdraw from its occupied territories and allow the establishment of a Palestinian state. But these are all practical matters of *Realpolitik*, in which there is room for disagreement. What is frightening, however, is our blithe willingness to abridge the sovereignty of an allied state by supporting the United Nations' claim to stick its nose in, every time there is a question of an oppressed minority. The day is coming when we won't have the votes and won't have the backing of the Soviets. George Bush's New World Order will seem less attractive, when Americans have to face a series of U.N. delegations that come to investigate conditions on Indian reservations and to guarantee the rights of Puerto Rican separatists and black nationalists.

The Israelis are justifiably upset with the United States, and not just over the U.N. resolution. There are rumors that the Israelis, alarmed at the expansion of Syrian territory right up to their doorstep, are hinting at the possibility of a strike against Syria. The possibilities for Armageddon appear to be multiplying. If one can believe a report in the French *L'Express*, the Bush administration has serious plans of attacking Iraq as soon as the elections are safely out of the way.

—*Thomas Fleming*

THE IMMIGRATION and Naturalization Service announced last June that to "regain control of the border" the INS will now begin to deport and possibly jail aliens and smugglers entering our country illegally. If you're wondering whether this hasn't been INS policy all along, think again. In the Southwest, repeat offenders have traditionally been released just inside the Mexican border—not arrested, not fingerprinted, just released, often to be apprehended again later in the same night.

This catch-and-release policy has long been evidence not only of the federal government's refusal to control illegal immigration, but of its ardent interest in its proliferation. Remember when Washington told us that the Immigration Reform Act of 1986, which amnestied 3.1 million illegal aliens, would not be the precedent for further amnesties but would merely acknowledge present realities? Washington lied. Last October the House passed the Family Fairness and Employment Opportunity Immigration Act of 1990 (H.R. 4300), and as of early November the bill had entered a conference committee where lawmakers are busy ironing out differences between the House and Senate versions. Sponsored by Democrat Bruce Morrison of Connecticut, the House bill grants two new amnesties to illegal aliens, increases family-chain migration, grants permanent resident aliens the same immigration privileges as citizens, and will cost the American taxpayer another $3 billion annually. The bill will increase legal immigration to this country from roughly five hundred thousand immigrants a year to seven hundred thousand a year in 1992, 1993, and 1994, and then reduce the level to 675,000 anually in subsequent years.

Congress's timing is appalling. At the very time a 1990 Roper Poll shows that 77 percent of Americans, including 78 percent of blacks and 74 percent of Hispanics, oppose increasing immigration, that one out of five prisoners in American jails is an illegal alien (a figure that has risen 600 percent in the last decade), that unemployment is on the rise and a recession is on the way, and at the very time that Congress itself cannot figure out how to balance the federal budget at its *present* level without raising taxes on citizens legally residing in this country—it is now that our leaders propose one of the most sweeping changes in U.S. immigration policy in more than a quarter of a century. And amendments that would have forced Congress to reimburse cities and states for additional social service costs incurred by the new influx of immigrants were defeated on the House floor.

In other words, cities and regions hardest hit by these immigration waves can expect no help from Washington. Last June, when the California town of Costa Mesa banned the spending of local funds on aid for illegal aliens, Housing and Urban Development Secretary Jack Kemp personally intervened, arguing that no city has a right to restrict HUD funds. Nor can Californians expect much help from their state legislators. In 1989 the state passed a law providing medical coverage, including pregnancy care, for all illegal aliens who reside in California. Illegal aliens have openly told state investigators that the Medi-Cal program is their sole reason for migrating to America. Administrators of Califor-

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nia hospitals and clinics now encourage illegal aliens to claim residency in California so that their facilities can claim Medi-Cal reimbursement.

The San Diego suburb of Encinitas, once a peaceful middle-class community known for its beautiful beaches and gardens, is reportedly now knee-deep in vagrants, panhandlers, squatter villages, and crime as a result of Mexican and Central American immigration. Ten years ago the Central Valley town of Merced had no Asian refugees. Now one fifth of its population, approximately 12,000, is composed of Laotian Hmong, 80 percent of whom are on welfare. The town of Santa Maria suffers the same problems. But when Santa Maria Mayor George Hobbs last year stated the obvious, that his city has "a Mexican problem," he was denounced as insensitive, alarmist, racist, and nativist. Like quotas, affirmative action, gay rights, and issues of gender, immigration has become an intellectual no-man's land where career-conscious scholars and prudent politicians must either tread lightly or dare not tread at all.

So let us tally the record. In virtually every Western and Southwestern state illegal aliens can receive free legal advice and free medical services, including pregnancy care. The City University of New York in 1989 *lowered* the tuition for illegal aliens. Illegal aliens in New York City, as in many other cities, can also legally demand both housing and education. In October Congress decided that, despite our current budget woes, another two hundred thousand immigrants should possibly be allowed in annually. Last May Washington set the potentially explosive precedent of giving asylum to a Chinese couple who wanted to defy Chinese law by having a second child, thus adding birth control to the growing list of "injustices" that now warrant entry to our country. And illegal aliens who actually want to become American citizens — why any of them would want to limit their entitlements by opting for citizenship is beyond me — can now enroll in the 40-hour cram course the federal government has established for aliens to prepare for their civics, U.S. history, and English proficiency exam. What this amounts to is a Princeton Review of citizenship funded by millions of tax dollars.

Luckily for themselves, members of Congress and Beltway think tank executives will not have to suffer the consequences of their policies and actions. Instead, it is the blacks and Hispanics and other struggling minorities who will have to suffer the heightened competition for jobs and low-cost housing that results with every new wave of immigration. It is the citizens of the Southwest and of Southern California in particular, who will have to watch crime, disease, and welfare skyrocket in their communities because Washington cares most about votes of special interest lobbies. And it is the cities and communities of the Pacific Northwest that also will suffer from immigration and migrations, migrations not of illegal aliens but of the scared and frustrated Southern Californians who are trekking there to escape the ravages of what they once called home.

The "Okies" of the 1930's took to the road when they realized they couldn't count on Washington to leaven their plight. The "Okies" of the 90's have come to the same realization.

— *Theodore Pappas*

NO MAJOR CITY in this country concedes that its major hospital is a pest-house, or that its museums display junk, or that its symphony orchestra squeaks. Nor are cities satisfied with inadequate schools. In medicine, the arts and music, politics and government, and primary and secondary education, there is good but no "best." Yet we take for granted that, in higher education, there really is a "best," which can be measured by polling college presidents and deans. That conception yields the fiction that our elite universities are national ones, whereas the undergraduate programs of our state and municipal universities are second class. But American life is lived at home, in the cities, and in the states. We are a nation of regions, a people of localities; we have no Paris or London to set the standard.

When we conceive higher education at the undergraduate level to be national, we contradict our character as a nation. In Europe, even with the various ministries of culture and national cultural centers, higher education is local. Providing dormitories and playing fields for large numbers of young people who are far from home is uncommon. University students ordinarily go to schools in their own cities for the baccalaureate degree. (Oxford and Cambridge are exceptions, along with Uppsala and Lund. But the rule is mostly local: London or Helsinki or Köln or Bologna.) Here in America, however, large numbers of students are detached from their homes and communities to form cities of transients. American higher education is made up of Brigadoons; it takes place outside of the context of normal life — of work, home, and family. True, the municipal and state universities attract homebodies. But however accomplished the faculties and able the students, the excellent regional and state universities take second place to what are dubbed the elite colleges and universities of national prominence. The state-supported and state-sponsored universities are rarely mentioned on such lists, and when Berkeley, Ann Arbor, or Chapel Hill do make it, it is always with a vague nod to "the great unwashed" or to the "great rival" of Harvard, which is "Podunk College." In higher education "best" means national, whether or not the education is good, the faculty is accomplished, or the environment nurtures excellence or even mental health. We all know that best is best. American higher education institutionalizes snobbery.

When people imagine that higher education can accomplish its goals through elite national institutions — and the rest be damned — they make a quite substantive error. For the self-styled national universities sever the vital connection between learning and living, between learning and working. The national university removes the young from home and family and community in the theory that, in these formative years, where one has worked and lived and is likely going to work and live no longer serves a purpose. But education only works when it serves a purpose, when the university is answerable to the community for the here and now of students' lives. When education is not answerable it becomes surreal.

Students pay a heavy emotional price for the sense of having been chosen to live among the elite: they

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doubt whether they are all that good, and rightly so. The competition to gain entry into the so-called elite universities is brutal; for every one who is chosen, ten are rejected. The selection process confers upon the chosen not only pride but also self-doubt. Snobbery and conceit then must cover up the uncertainty. The faculties at elite schools also pay a psychological price. They know that it is not the position that honors the person, but the person who honors the position; they know that no university today is "best" in all departments; and they know that most prestigious universities rely for their fame upon their professional schools, rather than on their college and graduate faculties. There is a simple rule of thumb: good people are where they are, good work comes from where it comes from, and important minds impart prestige to the colleges or universities where they do their work.

Does anybody remember Königsberg, but that Kant worked there? And who cares whether Einstein was a professor at Tübingen or Basel, or Darwin at Cambridge or Leeds, or Freud in Vienna, or Marx in Frankfurt? Inflated endowments, great libraries, tradition, and old buildings can form a facade that conceals a shabby intellectual slum. This is not to compare Ivy League universities to Potemkin villages, nor to say that all emperors are naked. I mean only to ask if it is worth the price exacted of those students and professors, who live lives of conceit, insecurity, and vacuous self-importance.

I left a "hot college" for what some might call a backwater, because I wanted to devote the final chapters of my teaching career to a life of learning and scholarship within a community. At Brown University, smart and lazy and spoiled rich kids told professors that their parents are paying $25,000 a year, so therefore. . . . At the University of South Florida, students come because they're there and we're here: it is the only opportunity. I get to teach in a cycle at five campuses, Tampa, St. Petersburg, Fort Myers, Sarasota, and Lakeland, and many of my students will come from their jobs and go on to their homes. At Brown the conventional students do the conventional thing. Here, there is scarcely a convention; a forty-three-year-old woman, a college senior, talks to me about graduate studies, my classroom is open to anyone who registers, and senior citizens come free.

This is not to suggest we have no need for national universities with undergraduate programs. Highly specialized universities such as MIT and Cal Tech will always find a special place for themselves; but their professionalism and their acknowledged eminence in the few things they claim to do justify that place. In the aggregate, however, education works best when learning relates to living, when learning yields to preparation for work — not a particular job to be sure, but the capacity to work in general — and when what we do in the university years leads from somewhere to somewhere. When universities are answerable to their communities, and when communities sustain their universities in a reciprocal relationship, learning is endowed with context and meaning, and education serves a purpose.

— Jacob Neusner

THE ART WORLD, never a place for the linear-minded and logical among us, seems to be in an exceptionally strange way these days. Here a woman "performance artist" makes a career of doing vile things with yams while squeaking about phallocentrism; there a young man, presumably in the same spirit, castrates himself before a camera. (To paraphrase comedian Bob Goldthwait, pity the Fotomat clerk who loses *that* roll of film.) Some blocks away, another young man immerses a crucifix in urine in order to make, as he says, a statement about the commercialization of religion. All of them, of course, have exercised such ecstasies of the creative imagination through government funds. And all of them want still more public dollars.

A person endowed with a sober brain may well be inclined to post a letter to Washington to request that funds for such nonsense be diverted to more useful ends. A rank philistine may question why the government should be in the art racket in the first place. A real boor may even suggest that artists undertake not to outrage public sensibilities with the help of public largesse, reasoning — as so many artists seem incapable of doing — that the one who pays the piper calls the tune.

These good citizens have strange allies, it happens, in a wobbly coalition of artists and "cultural workers" who have pledged, as of January 1, 1990, not to lift pen or chisel or burin. Instead, they've called an Art Strike. Only unknown artists are participating, while the tills of the Mapplethorpe estate and the SoHo-Tribeca set happily fill up. But as the strike wears on and crowds of revolutionary post-neo-expressionists wrest state power away from Sotheby's and MOMA, they may lure their more impressionable seniors into the movement.

Let's dismiss the cynical notion that the strikers, by withholding their art from the world, are merely drumming up demand, thereby contributing to the "inflationary commodification" — as one of them, schooled in Marx and French critical theory, put it — that allows a nondescript be-dribbled canvas to fetch six figures. Poor souls, they may mean it. The strikers may even have to seek their living in gas stations and convenience stores and factories. There are, after all, as Oscar Wilde said, moments when art attains to the dignity of manual labor.

The Art Strike has a sort-of-official organ in *Yawn: A Sporadic Critique of Culture*, which I commend to those in want of amusement or annoyance. Perhaps to co-opt would-be scabs, some of the strikers have opened a sale outlet in San Francisco, where prices range from a nickel to a ceiling of thirty-five dollars. Don't anyone tell the Japanese.

The art strikers pledge to continue their strike against the elitist commodity market until the first of January, 1993. In the manner of our Department of Agriculture, I wonder whether we could subsidize them to even greater ends — offering, say, a stipend of twenty thousand dollars for every year in which they produce nothing whatever. It's too late for Mapplethorpe, but can we enroll the Serranos and Finleys right now? Dare we prevent still more duotone castrations? If we act now, we may be able to see to it that the Art Strike is never settled.

In the idea- and ideal-less world of modern art, we may have hit upon a notion whose time has truly come.

— Gregory McNamee

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WHAT IS THE ART WORLD'S state in America today? The answer depends on whom you talk to and what they do. Some of the answers I've heard are: rich, poor, over- and underfunded, neglected, status-laden, censored, silly, profound, personal, public, patriotic, obscene, sacrilegious, attacked, elitist, sexist, postmodern, pluralistic, and so on. And all are true. Anything and everything is sold in the American art industry.

As an artist, designer, and educator I've watched the art establishment grow, prosper, and become politicized over the last quarter century. This growth parallels the expansion of the National Endowment for the Arts and the various state art councils that now exist not only in every state but also in American Samoa, the District of Columbia, Guam, the Northern Mariana, and the Virgin Islands. Then there are the city-sponsored cultural centers and regional and private arts groups that "support the arts." What emerges is a vast and powerful culture machine employing thousands of well-paid art bureaucrats who are devoted to pointing out cultural avenues to the rest of us who presumably cannot find our own way.

Nowhere does this art bureaucracy show the relationship of art and politics better than at the state level. According to the Illinois Arts Council's 1989 annual report, the Lyric Opera of Chicago received $25,875, and the opera's Center for American Artists received $95,220 "for general operating support." However worthy and fruitful the goals of the Lyric Opera may be, one wonders why this prestigious institution representing Chicago's most socially prominent families and corporations needs over one hundred thousand dollars from the taxpayers, most of whom will never go to the opera. This pales, however, next to the $302,250 that the California Arts Council gave in 1989 to the San Francisco Opera, and the $305,000 that went for the San Francisco Symphony. The exclusivity of these groups raises questions about funding special interest constituencies that have a significant private sector funding base.

This commodification of the art world has created a lot of very well-to-do artists and dealers, and new generations of young artists now aspire to the fame and riches of the art establishment with a zeal more reminiscent of avaricious actors hustling Hollywood than serious practitioners of what can be solitary and lonely crafts. The NEA stamp of approval has become a coveted status symbol; references to it are commonly made on artist, gallery, and institutional resumés; and jobs at the NEA and the various state art agencies have become the patronage turf of the privileged few and the politically well-connected. At between forty and fifty thousand dollars a year, a regional representative for the NEA may work out of his home and have a job that has to be considered one of the patronage plums of the art bureaucracy.

Founded shortly after the NEA, the Illinois Arts Council, now 25, is one of the oldest state art councils. Its present chairman, Shirley R. Madigan, was appointed by Governor James Thompson, and she is the wife of Illinois Speaker of the House Michael Madigan. Acting Executive Director Rhoda A. Pierce makes over $57,000 a year, and in the IAC annual report for 1989 she states, "the arts must remain a significant priority on the government agenda," and that "the Council firmly believes that no other means of support can fully meet the needs of a growing artistic constituency." This is exactly the kind of airy grandiosity that so many of the art bureaucrats project to justify patronage of all kinds of groups that become ever more dependent upon the state for their existence.

The IAC is divided into funding areas by state senate and legislative districts. Chicago is by far the funding epicenter, but all over the state people lobby for the state's art largesse. The Visual Arts Advisory Panel for the IAC even seats members who are requesting grants themselves. When a panel member's application comes up for review that person is said to leave the room, and with this brief and fleeting nod in the general direction of ethics it seems clear that the establishment that promotes art for all is also adept at feeding itself at the taxpayer's expense.

There is perhaps no better illustration of the nature of arts bureaucracy in government than California. In the early years of the California Arts Council, actor Peter Coyote and others called for the CAC to pursue this long-range goal: "To ultimately have a society so deeply dyed with art, craft, and style as to render an Arts Council unnecessary." This goal was quickly branded as naive and unrealistic and was then dropped by a council that opted instead for self-preservation. Since its founding in 1976 the CAC's annual budget has increased from just under two million dollars to a proposed twenty million dollars for 1990.

In a free and democratic republic the human spirit should defy even good-intentioned regimentation, and therefore the creative establishment of this country should form a new agenda that rejects the materialism that has reduced the arts in this country to one more form of pop entertainment. Artists should make their own decisions about their lives and careers, free of government intervention, and neighborhoods, towns, cities, and states should nurture their own creative environments, however banal or elevated they choose to make them.

I recently suggested to one government art manager that the chairman of the NEA be elevated to cabinet-level status with the title of Secretary of the Arts and Humanities. I argued that this would enable the President to fully develop an art policy that reflected the best interests of the United States. Somehow my sarcasm was missed, and I was both amused and appalled to hear this reply: "What a wonderful idea. What a simply wonderful idea!"

—Stanley D. Edwards

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Principalities & Powers

by Samuel Francis

There's a bad moon on the rise, and as 1990 drew to a close, the American ruling class began to huddle in its tents to meet the coming storm. When ex-Klansman David Duke seized 44 percent of the vote in Louisiana's senatorial election last October, the howling of the political cyclone could be heard even in the cellars of New York and Washington, where the oligarchy's augurs at once set to work to explain away the tempest as just a light rain. Louisiana's voters are racist, whined the *New York Times* and the *Washington Post*. The state is economically depressed. It was all Ronald Reagan's fault anyway.

The pundits may actually believe their own propaganda, and it's just as well if they do, since it means that once again they've managed to miss the point and lose the message Mr. Duke's supporters were sending. Duke did not run as a Nazi or a Klansman, but neither did he campaign as the kind of conservative that is now fashionable, and no one has accused him of being liberal. Indeed, one of his two opponents, Ben Baggert, was precisely a fashionable sort of conservative Republican, and Duke ripped his political throat out. Three weeks before the election, Mr. Baggert's campaign fell apart like a wet grocery sack, and his top aides resigned. Two days before the election, Mr. Baggert himself withdrew and endorsed the Democrat, third-term Senator Bennett Johnston, and a whole flock of Republican geese suddenly flapped south to honk in Mr. Johnston's support. Had it not been for such last-minute devices, Duke would almost certainly have forced a runoff and perhaps would have wasted Mr. Johnston as thoroughly as he did Mr. Baggert. Thus does the oligarchy close ranks when it spies the lightning of revolution flash in the darkening sky.

Of course, by itself, Mr. Duke's ability to gain votes does not constitute a revolution, nor does the candidate himself seem to promise much as a serious leader of one. He simply carries too much baggage, and there are persistent rumors about irregularities in his personal life, which, if true, point to serious character flaws and threaten an eventual political embarrassment. Whatever his plans for the future, Mr. Duke and his supporters shouldn't count on holding high elective office. He can at most be a gadfly, and perhaps the best thing for him to do now would be to institutionalize the movement he has started in a nationwide organization that could exert cultural and indirect political power and radicalize Middle American consciousness still further.

But despite Mr. Duke's shortcomings, the election of October 6 was not a fluke, and it could be the first rumblings of a new national political force that rejects the dominant political culture and the increasingly meaningless poles of right and left between which it shuffles. More than twenty years ago, George Wallace, who was in the same mold as Mr. Duke, declared that there wasn't a dime's worth of difference between the two major parties, and the hasty coalition between left and right formed to make sure Duke didn't cause any more trouble pretty much proves he was correct.

Not only the Duke election but also the paralysis of the federal government over the same weekend shows that the old order is simply out of gas. The President and Congress wheeled and dealed and ran off the road trying to draft a miraculous budget that would placate all the parasites while at the same time not bankrupt the country. The recession that began to settle over the economy, the threat of a war in the Middle East on behalf of a "new world order" that is irrelevant and inimical to real American interests, the disgust that most voters express for Congress, and the apparent end of the Cold War all point to the exhaustion of incumbent elites, the uselessness of their ideologies, and the readiness of many Americans to forge a new identity that reflects their real needs, interests, and values.

There is, in fact, statistical support for this thesis. One month before the election in Louisiana, the Times Mirror Center for the People and the Polls released a comprehensive survey of political opinions in the United States, a sequel to a similar survey published in 1987. The study divided the electorate into several groups called "attitudinal clusters," and it found no category larger than the one it labeled the "Disaffecteds." In 1987 this group comprised 9 percent of the adult population, and by last year it had grown to 12 percent. It leans toward the Republican Party, but the GOP has not been able to secure its loyalty, and it remains volatile, ready to follow whoever has the boldness to lead it.

The Times Mirror survey characterizes the Disaffecteds as "alienated and pessimistic" and "highly suspicious of all forms of authority, alienated from both the political and economic establishment, aggravated by constant financial pressure, and ready to defect politically at the slightest provocation." The Disaffecteds bear a striking resemblance to, and may be identical with, the group sociologist Donald I. Warren in 1974 called the "Middle American Radicals," or MARs, who perceived themselves as caught in an iron sandwich between an irresponsible and oppressive elite, on the one hand, and, on the other, a ravenous underclass that the elite supports at the expense of the middle class. The MARs were the core of the Wallace constituency, and it is likely they would support a candidate like David Duke, baggage or no baggage, wearing a Klan bedsheet or a Dacron suit bought at K-Mart.

But even outside the Disaffected category, the Times Mirror survey found a "significant intensification" of feelings of alienation, mistrust, disillusion with politics, and helplessness. While there was little evidence of increasing racial intolerance, "there has been a greater proportionate increase in feelings of economic pressure among middle-income whites and greater indications of personal alienation among poor white people than among blacks." One of the most interesting changes in opinion was the decline of the perception of communism as a threat, but at the same time the survey concluded that "the American public remains as militant and nationalist as it was a few years ago," and there has been an increase in hostility toward Japan, Israel, and Mexico. Nationalism, the survey found, is linked with economic pessimism as well as with unfavorable opinions about Japan.

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Obviously, the attitudes recorded by the Times Mirror survey do not constitute a coherent ideology, but they do point to profound dissatisfactions that cannot be resolved within the framework of left-right politics. Attitudes that might be classed as "conservative" seem to coexist with those that would normally be called "liberal," and what is significant is that not much of anyone seems to support increased opportunities for minorities, more immigration, spreading democracy abroad, freer trade, deregulation, and all the other wise and wonderful gimmicks that pseudo-conservatives like to play with. Nor do very many people seem to support what the left wants in the way of increased taxes and a more active governmental role in redesigning social institutions.

The fundamental social and political conflict that is emerging in the United States and to which the "alienation" reflected in the Times Mirror survey points is not between left and right, neoconservative and paleoconservative, state and individual, black and white, Jew and Christian, Yankee and Southerner, or rich and poor. All these divisions merely feed the main conflict, which is between elite and non-elite. The former consists of the interconnected groups that predominate in the bureaucratic organizations of government, the economy, and culture and that use their power to dissolve the nonbureaucratic social institutions that limit and resist their hegemony. The elite makes use of universalist, progressivist ideologies that offer justifications for its apparatus of power as well as for the functions the apparatus performs in managing the economy and environment, redistributing wealth, building the new world order, and reconstructing the domestic social order by providing "therapy" for every "problem" from smoking cigarettes to practicing genocide. The structure of power the elite has built up is also used by various gangs and subfactions of all kinds that seek no ideological goals but simply want to fill their pockets, stay in office, or twist public policies for their own benefit. The structure is thus tyrannical and corrupt at the same time, seeking to destroy the social order as well as to exploit it on its way to destruction.

The non-elite consists of everyone who does not control or gain from this structure. In the terms of abstract political theory, the non-elite is the "people," but today, in the wake of the cultural fragmentation the elite has inflicted, it is difficult to apply that term, which presupposes a shared body of institutions and beliefs. In the United States today, there virtually is no "people" any more; there are only "clusters," fragments that share only the non-vocal perception that somebody else is in the saddle and is slapping leather toward a precipice.

It is precisely because of the deracination of the American people that these fragments now constitute a radical, perhaps a revolutionary, force, dispossessed of their traditional culture, denied political expression, and increasingly endangered by the "global economy." But the clusters by themselves will not engender a revolution or form the myths, ideologies, organizations, and agendas of revolt. Only leadership can accomplish that, which is why people like Mr. Duke and those who may soon start emulating him are important. They — if there is a "they" — have the opportunity to build not just a coalition or a third party but a new people, as it were, by uniting these clusters and informing them with a new understanding of who they are and what destiny they should seek. That, more or less, is what various black leaders are trying to do today through articulating a myth of "Afrocentric" history and reformulating political and cultural issues in terms of that myth. It ought to be rather obvious that "Afrocentrism," whatever its other virtues, doesn't have much to say to non-black Americans, and the myths, history, and identity of white Americans are increasingly suppressed and delegitimized by the elite itself.

The main task now for the would-be leaders of the Middle American Revolution is therefore to formulate a comprehensive myth able to express the alienation that prevails among the culturally immiserated and economically threatened Middle American proletariat and hammer it into an effective sword. The kind of myth that is needed today must raise this proletariat from a passive state of disgruntlement to being an active force of social and political power. It is doubtful that orthodox paleoconservative, traditionalist, or libertarian ideas can be very helpful in forming such a myth, since the social and political order they were designed to reflect and defend no longer exists. A new myth, to be effective, must solidify the fragments of that order and prepare them for a protracted challenge to the incumbent elite's apparatus of power, with the ultimate goal of dismantling that apparatus, displacing the elite, and constructing a new order. "Myths," wrote Georges Sorel, "are not descriptions of things, but expressions of a determination to act. . . . A myth cannot be refuted, since it is, at bottom, identical with the convictions of a group, being the expression of those convictions in the language of movement." Given the fragmentation of the old order, much paleoconservatism is today not the language of movement but of antiquarianism.

But it is certain that what now passes for mainstream conservatism has nothing at all to say to those fragments. The evening before the election in Louisiana, neoconservative guru Jack Kemp addressed the 35th anniversary celebration of *National Review* at a banquet at the Waldorf Astoria in New York City. Mr. Kemp boasted of how he had endorsed Bennett Johnston and opposed David Duke, and he affirmed his own dedication to the ideals and principles of John F. Kennedy and Martin Luther King, Jr. William F. Buckley, announcing his retirement the same evening, proclaimed that he considered it his greatest achievement to have driven "extremists" from the conservative movement he led from the 1950's.

But by purging itself of "extremists" and seeking alliance with the urban intellectual establishment of the Northeast, movement conservatism effectively insulated itself from one side of the major social and political conflict of our time and now has been consumed by the elite itself, even to the point of deluding itself into thinking that John Kennedy and Martin Luther King were conservatives. Whether Mr. Kemp swayed any votes in Louisiana and whether Mr. Duke's supporters can really be called "conservatives" at all anymore is doubtful. Down there they never had many illusions about Kennedy, or King, or Kemp, and they don't need a weatherman to know which way the wind is blowing. ◇

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Anna Mycek-Wodecki

Divorce Italian Style

by Thomas Fleming

When I told friends that I was going to Italy to study the political situation there, the usual response was an amused puzzlement. Italian politics, I was informed, is like the Italian army: a grand opera performance of a comic opera plot. I am not so sure. Since the later Middle Ages, the Italians have been feuding and fighting in a grand style that often looks suicidal, but what are the results? The Renaissance, Italian opera, and—most recently—a standard of living that combines a high disposable income (largely unreported) with an everyday life that the American leisure class can only envy. The difference between Italy and the United States can be measured most simply by considering the table. Over there, everything is fresh, local, and wonderfully prepared—four and five course meals, washed down by wine that cannot be successfully exported beyond the region. Here, on the other hand, hardly one American in five knows how to prepare the simplest meal from scratch.

Even in politics, the Italians may have a few lessons to teach. Perhaps because Italian public life has always been a cynical game, Italian political thinkers have written about politics with a remarkable candor. In *The Machiavellians*, James Burnham traces an intellectual history from the author of *The Prince* down to Mosca and Pareto. Today one might wish to include the occasionally brilliant Communist Antonio Gramsci as well as Giovanni Sartori, now at Columbia University. But, my friends tell me, look at how often the Italians change their government. Really? Since the 1950's, we have had eight Presidents; however, in looking back over the past 35 years of Italian politics, one sees only the figure of Giulio Andreotti. As one Sicilian gentleman told me on a train, "Mussolini was a dictator, of course, but so is Andreotti, only he is not so good a ruler as Mussolini."

Where else in the world would a retired businessman tell a stranger not only that he was a Fascist during the war, but—worse—that after years of being an anti-Fascist, he has come round to preferring Il Duce to the current rascals? "At least he tamed, if only temporarily, the Mafia. It was your President Roosevelt who turned Sicily back over to Lucky Luciano." It is a story that every Italian seems to know and of which every American is ignorant, how FDR cut the deal with Luciano, who threatened the Sicilians with retaliation if they resisted the American invasion. In return, the Mafia was restored to its former glory. These twin subjects, the corrupt despotism of the government and the

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power of organized crime, continually recur, like musical themes, in every conversation about politics.

My excuse for spending three weeks in Italy was an invitation from the Centro Internazionale di Studi Lombardi (the International Center for Lombard Studies) to read a paper comparing American and European democracy. CEISLO is ably directed by Professor Giuditta Podesta of the University of Genoa, who has acquired an old convent in the village of Olginate, not far from Lecco, and the organization's stated goal is to deepen and broaden the awareness of human interrelatedness (they take a particular interest in European unification) from the particular standpoint of Lombardy, a key region of Europe that connects North and South, Latin with German Europe.

Every year CEISLO assembles a distinguished group of scholars and journalists to discuss and debate the prospects for European community or the lessons of comparative anthropology. The talk is stimulating, the food wonderful, and the hospitality gracious. Lecco is a prosperous industrial city, but it is also the birthplace of Manzoni, and despite all the strains imposed by modernization and urbanization, the Italian lake country is as redolent of literary associations as any in the world.

For my own part, I had come to preach a message of localism and regionalism as the true basis of the American system. In the course of my remarks, I ventured to observe that the localist spirit of the old Italian republics was still alive, since the party of local autonomy, the "Lega Lombarda," managed to win almost 20 percent of the vote in the most recent administrative elections.

Bringing up the Lega in a group of academics is a bit like praising Pat Buchanan at an editorial meeting of any magazine published in New York, but I did hear one burst of applause. Afterward, this turned out to have come from a Como businessman, Elvio Conti, one of the oldest members of the Lega. I had lunch with Conti, Professor Podesta, and Professor L.V. Ferraris (now of Rome University and formerly ambassador to West Germany); the talk was animated and at times heated. Of course the Lega had its points, but why were the members so little interested in cultural matters? When Conti ventured to proclaim his faith in Lombard culture, Professor Podesta brought him up short. "There is no Lombard culture—so many different peoples have contributed to the region—there is only a culture of Lombardy."

Even after a few days in the region, the phrase "culture of Lombardy" begins to make sense. For one thing, the people look different, as much Swiss as Italian: a bit taller, but thicker, and heavier-boned than other Italians. "I am so ashamed when I meet Americans," a young Lombard active in the Lega tells me. "When you think of Italians, it is nothing but scrawny little guys and pizza parlors." I assure him that Northern Italian cooking is now regarded as gourmet food, and that Robert de Niro is more popular than Al Pacino.

The streets in Lecco and Como are clean, the shops attractive; and in the morning the squares are bustling with the activity of busy and disciplined men and women on their way to work. The only slouchers are the government officials, and they are for the most part from the South. (Coming across the border by train from Zurich, there were three customs officials to ask *qualcosa da dichiarare* without bothering to check either luggage or passport. No wonder Lake Como was always a smugglers' paradise.)

But it is the character of the people that is most distinctive. A fine old Lombard, a veteran of World War II and of several German camps, expresses with eloquence what I am to hear over and over from other Lombards: "We are a hardworking and honorable people. The Southerners, especially the Sicilians, are more creative, more refined. They seem to have a greater capacity for poetry. But the Lombards are a simple race, without guile. Do you know what they call us in the South? *Polentoni* [big polentas], and it is not because of what we eat, but that is how they think of us, as bland, flavorless mush. Why? Because, unlike other Italians, we are not *furbo* [cunning]." He is nonetheless suspicious of the Lega Lombarda.

The Lega is controversial throughout Italy. The newspapers condemn it as fascist (which it certainly is not) and racist—a codeword in Italy as in America for anyone who happens to love his own people. When Conti walks into a room full of academics, there is an immediate eruption: "Tell us plainly what you stand for, then leave us alone."

It is a good question. The Lega began life not as a political party but as a grass roots coalition of Lombards who had lost patience with the Italian political system, which they regard as a corrupt, inefficient bureaucracy thoroughly penetrated by the Mafia. The members made speeches and held meetings but they took no part in politics. Eventually, as Conti explained to me, they were stopped on the street by people who asked them, "Why don't you enter the political arena and do something?" They did, and with results that terrify the regular parties. Because Italy does not have a winner-take-all electoral system, the Lega now has several delegates in the European Parliament, two deputies in the lower house, and one senator: party leader and hero to his followers, Umberto Bossi. In mid-September, friends and enemies of the Lega were citing polls that projected 30 percent or more of the vote in Northern Italy.

The Lega is unique in European (and American) politics in basing a grass roots political coalition on popular issues—local control, tax reform, government corruption, immigration—that are set within a broad historical-political vision. What Bossi and his followers envision for Italy is a federal (they often prefer the less ambiguous term "confederal") system in which local and regional governments are allowed to have a say in making their own laws and policies. The first principle of the party's program states that it is "for the self-government of Lombardia, replacing the centralized state with a modern federal state that knows how to respect all the peoples that constitute it."

The idea of federalism will in itself carry no elections, and much of the Lega's activities have been concentrated on hardball issues like taxes, crime, corruption, welfare, and immigration. Much of this is cast in the form of a North/South problem. Northern Italians work, pay taxes, and obey the laws, while the South has specialized in producing bureaucrats (including teachers and judges), loafers, "disabled" workers, and criminal conspiracies. The local representative of the Liberal Party in Olginate, a man of remarkably good sense, strenuously objects to the Lega,

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but he speaks the same language: "Why does it take one day for a Swiss worker to make something that takes two days in Lombardy and a week in the South?" The Liberals blame government corruption and deplore the Lega's "politics of resentment."

The resentment in the North is captured in one of the Lega's most successful posters. A hen is shown laying golden eggs into a basket held by a fat woman in a traditional Southern dress: PAY AND SHUT UP, LOMBARD DONKEY, is the heading, while the rest of the poster explains: "The Lombard hen lays golden eggs for Rome and lower down. They all stay fried in the pan, and return no more to us."

But everyone in Italian politics complains about corruption, inefficiency, and the Mafia. What is different about Bossi is that instead of pointing the finger at Palermo and Naples, he denounces "the parties of Rome," by which he means all the major and minor political parties that divide up power and offices after elections. What others talk about only in private, he discusses openly: why could the government defeat the Red Brigades but is powerless in the face of organized crime? In late September another anti-Mafia judge was murdered in Sicily, and even the establishment press began writing of the "crocodile tears" of the politicians who refused to do anything but make impassioned speeches at funerals. A writer in the anticommunist Milan daily *Il Giornale* wondered if the inertia had anything to do with the fact that while the Red Brigades killed politicians, the Mafia only kills judges.

Bossi is more direct. At a rally, he tells his followers, "Many of us were once Christian Democrats, and many still are tempted to support the PDC. But I tell you that that is the very worst thing a Lombard could do. And I will tell you here what I have not hesitated to say elsewhere: that a vote for the Christian Democrats is a vote for the Mafia." Later, when I question him about the Mafia, Bossi explains that the Mafia and Camorra by themselves are nothing: it is their linkage with the parties that trade government contracts for kickbacks and votes that makes it impossible to suppress them. The only solution to organized crime in Italy is "to disentangle it from the political system."

But if the question of the Mafia is bound up with the Italian political system, it is also part of the North/South confrontation. The Italian newspapers and magazines have been filled, this past year, with accounts of the Mafia's move northward into Bologna, Milan, and Turin. Americans who are familiar only with the more domesticated manners of the naturalized Mafia in the United States will not easily appreciate what is going on in a country where the forces of organized crime routinely murder anyone who stands in their way, and when the Lega Lombarda rails against the infiltration of Southerners into Northern Italy, their case is only strengthened by the increased level of Mafia activity.

The Lega claims it is not anti-Southern per se, only that it wants the Lombards to be able to manage their own resources. They also resent what amounts to an affirmative action program that results in disproportionate numbers of Southern Italians in government jobs, particularly as teachers and as *carabinieri*. In Central and Northern Italy, the favorite form of humor is the *carabinieri* joke—"Why do the *carabinieri* have stripes on their pants? So they can find their pockets"—but these jokes are not so subtle digs at the Southerners who seem to dominate the national police force. The Southerners I talked to were very blunt. One army colonel of Sicilian ancestry (who is also an artist and journalist) told me quite simply that he hated the Lega Lombarda because "They hate us." However, it is true that a Lega is being organized in Sicily, where its principal focus of hostility is the Mafia.

But more controversial than this anti-Southern resentment is the Lega's position on immigration. The streets of Italian cities are now swarming with Tunisian and Moroccan vendors of cheap merchandise. They don't pay bus fares, they sleep in churches and on park benches, and they hector the tourists at an outdoor café: "Buy a book matches? Come on, buy book matches."

In late September a group of Pakistanis occupied a church in Milan, refusing to leave until the city "finds us a place to live." Many Lombards asked me the inevitable question: "Why is it up to us to provide housing for them? Why don't they just go home?"

The Lega is on to a popular issue in Italy. In February the major parties ramrodded a liberal immigration law (the Lege Martelli) through the parliament over the protests of Liberals, Republicans, and Bossi. The new law appeals to only two groups, immigrants and politicians, and Bossi's response has been to call for a referendum, explaining to the press that the governing coalition can either reform the immigration law or face the rising tide of popular discontent. "Immigration," he told the *Corriere della Sera*, "conceals a concerted plot to acquire authoritarian power. They want to arrive at a multiracial society as a means of creating tensions and confrontations among the populations and then to legitimate a solution of strong authoritarian government."

The Lega's critics accuse the members of racism, but I saw little evidence of it in the days I spent with them. One day at lunch, I ask Conti directly how he responds to the charge. He points to a Moroccan sitting across the room from us. "Do you see that man? I don't hate him. If he is willing to work, I would give him a job. I am proud to be a Lombard, true, but that does not mean that I hate other people for being what they are."

In fact, the Lega's attitude toward Southerners and North Africans seems typical of the Northern Italians I met. After my talk a journalist who has spent some time in Canada asked ironically if I thought that the Lega represented true democracy. Nothing but racists, he exclaimed. "Italy's real problems are economic," he tells me. "The Lombards, Piedmontese, and others in the North are willing to work, but the Southerners refuse. They come up here only to go on welfare, and even when they do take a job, they are very unproductive, and everywhere they cause trouble." I tell him he sounds like the Lega Lombarda. "I did not say they were wrong about everything," he says, smiling, "but they have gone mad with history."

To an American he seems to have a point. What other political party in the world takes its name from the 12th century? The original Lombard League was formed in 1167, when several cities banded together to resist the depredations of Friedrich Barbarossa, who had succeeded in destroying the great city of Milan. They met at the village of

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Pontida (near Bergamo) to swear an oath that every Lombard—Ghibelline as well as Guelf—should unite to defend their common liberty. I asked my friend the war veteran if the local people, say the man who occasionally drove me around, preserved any memory of these events; he assured me that the fellow would know nothing at all. But one day on the way to Bergamo, I spotted a sign for Pontida. I asked the driver if we were anywhere near. "Yes," he said, "there is the famous convent where the Lombards swore the oath." "Against the emperor?" "Yes, against Barbarossa, and it was here that the Lega Lombarda held their great rally a few months ago."

I had read of this rally in the Italian press. Eighty thousand Lombards assembled and raised their right hands as Senator Bossi recalled the events of eight hundred years ago and recommitted himself and his followers to the oath of Pontida. There are a few Americans who are still fighting a war that ended 125 years ago, and some of us still regard the Wars of the Roses as part of our national history; however, I cannot imagine an assembly of eighty thousand American conservatives swearing loyalty to Richard III or even the House of Stuart.

But Italians as a nation are mad with history, the Southerners even more than the Lombards. One of the major living poets in Italy is Albino Pierro from Basilicata. Pierro, who now lives in Rome, began his career by writing poems in Italian, but as time went on he became impatient with this literary language he had learned in school, and for the purposes of his poetry, which is both highly personal and seriously metaphysical, he began to work in the dialect of his village. To accomplish this, he had to establish the orthography and grammar of "Tursitano," a dialect which had never before been used for literary purposes. When I spoke with him, Pierro took some pains to explain to me that he is not a dialect poet, *i.e.*, some quaint figure of artificial folklore, but simply a poet who needed to create his own language. It may be the most ambitious experiment conducted by any poet of this century, but—and this is typical of Italy—it is an experiment that reaffirms the poet's links with the history and soil of his native place.

If the Lombard dialect has so far produced few major poets, there is a widespread revival of interest in the literature and culture of Lombardia. A regional paper, *Vento del Nord*, regularly prints a section in dialect and devotes considerable space to celebrating Lombard writers of the past. The second principle of the Lega Lombarda—and to many members this may be more important than the principle of federalism—calls for "reaffirmation of our culture, history, the Lombard language, our social and moral values." At party gatherings, members consciously adopt the Lombard dialect, which is as different from Tuscan as Scots is from English. They have their own flag, their own national anthem (in "Lumbard," of course). For this reason, they are frequently accused of wanting to break up Italy into a set of warring petty states. One rightist complained to me that Italy could only be governed by a strong centralized state, and a Christian Democrat in Rome insisted that the Germans are right: in unity is strength. "Are we going to have to go through customs three times, every time we take a trip from Naples to Milan?"

The party's worst political gaffe so far has been Senator Bossi's diatribe against the Italian flag. The pattern, he said, is borrowed from the flag of the French Revolution, but the color green was added by the Masons. (Freemasonry is an almost obsessive political topic among even anti-Catholic Italians, who are very suspicious that so many American Presidents have been Masons.) The party's enemies used this speech as conclusive evidence that the Lega really is a separatist movement, but a few days later Bossi—without taking back his strictures—apologized for any offense he had given, and said he would defend a flag that so many Italians had shed their blood for.

The first principle of the Lega Lombarda's program states that it is 'for the self-government of Lombardia, replacing the centralized state with a modern federal state that knows how to respect all the peoples that constitute it.'

Any South Carolinian or Virginian ought to be able to understand the concept of dual sovereignty and dual loyalty in principle, but it is another thing to come face to face with it. I had been out of Lombardy for two weeks, in Rome and Tuscany, when I was invited up to Como to attend a rally. The rally was in Lezzeno somewhere between Como and Bellagio, and the weather threatened rain as we drove along the shore of Lake Como and stopped across from a building flying what I took to be the Swiss flag. No, I was told, it is the flag of Lombardy. About a hundred people wait for the arrival of Senator Bossi. It is an interesting cross section: small businessmen, blue-collar workers, and not a few professionals. The local party leaders range in age from late 20's to mid-50's, but on the whole it is a young crowd. I speak with an architect who tells me he supports the Lega but that his son is wild about it and buys all the posters, pins, neckties, and party paraphernalia that is available. "The young," he explains, "are tired of the corrupt old system and many of them look to Bossi as the hope of the future."

When the senator's car is spotted, most of us rush outside to greet him. "Look," someone says, "still no escort." And despite recent threats against his life, Bossi gets out of a small car accompanied only by his wife and an aide. We gather in a small courtyard and as the wind and rain intensifies, Bossi describes how the press has been trying to get him to provide them with sound bites on the most recent act of Mafia terrorism. He builds to a denunciation of the entire political system and lays out the Lega's program of reform.

The rain eventually drives us inside, and after a round of drinks, I was able to talk to him for about an hour. At first, Bossi seems not even to acknowledge my presence, but as the interview proceeds he several times tells his followers to be quiet and repeatedly brushes aside the signals and whispers informing him that he is holding up dinner. Later, I discover that although journalists from all over Europe

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have been besieging the senator ever since the spring elections, I am the first American to interview the head of the Lega Lombarda.

I begin by asking him the question that had been on my mind for several days: is it possible to be a good Lombard and a patriotic Italian? "We are not separatists," he insists, "and there is no component of violence in our program. Self-determination and autonomy are not the same thing as separation, but the right to have a say in the laws that are made. What we want is democratically to modify the Italian centralized state and transform it into a confederal state, using Switzerland as a model." As an intermediate level between the regions and the nation, the party proposes a political structure that is analogous to the Swiss cantons: the three republics of the North, Center, and South. In fact, the party is organized on this basis throughout Italy, and the Lega Lombarda is now only the most powerful section of the Lega Nord.

I ask Bossi if he has any plans to counter the hostility of the press. The Italian papers and news magazines routinely print vicious caricatures of him that resemble World War II cartoons of General Tojo. Recently Bossi had lashed out at a news conference, describing journalists as "worms" that refuse to print the truth. "In Lombardia," he insists, "the press does not present a serious obstacle, because here is where the Lega got its start, and the word has passed from house to house." More generally, he says, the Italian press has made a fatal alliance with the political parties, and the various segments of the mass media represent specific economic and political interests. (In broadcasting, this "fatal alliance" is an official arrangement.) "There are, however, honest journalists who do not accept this logic. I am talking about Montanelli, although he does not exactly think like us." (Montanelli, among the most celebrated journalists of postwar Italy, is the founder of the anticommunist *Il Giornale*.)

Bossi is right not to despair, even of the Italian press. As his popularity and influence grows, he is attracting more and more coverage, and despite the fairly uniform misreporting and editorial hostility, an occasional fair-minded comment can appear. In May, the very establishment columnist Giorgio Bocca asked his readers in *Espresso* (the rough equivalent of *Time*): "Why has one Lombard in five voted for the Lega Lombarda? People say that a vote for the Leagues is a pro-northern, localist, egoistical, even racist vote. But the dimensions of the vote say something else. There is a rising 'NO' against the corrupt, arrogant, and conspiratorial oligarchy of the major parties, against the palace." Even journalists cannot afford to ignore reality forever.

Most Italians think of the Leagues as a strictly Northern phenomenon, and I ask the senator if this notion of autonomy is applicable only to Italy (particularly Northern Italy) or if it is a universal ideology. To answer that, he looks back to the 19th century and the valid criticisms made by Marx. But the Marxists established governments that attempted to liberalize society by limiting the power of the great interests. Unfortunately, in pursuing these liberal ideals, Marxists sacrificed other, equally important liberal principles: personal and religious liberty, freedom of association, etc. Marxism was clearly in error, but the error is not simply the error of Marxist ideology. The really important error is the whole project of the centralized state. "What we are proposing, in contrast with this doctrine of centralization and the government controlled by great interests, is federalism and autonomy. This is not an ideology of class but of autonomy, an ideology of liberty, and, above all, of justice. . . . The Jacobin state of liberal centralization, which is an instrument of centralized power and the pawn of the great interests, is at this moment in a historic confrontation with the federal state that will replace it."

Bossi envisions a new European community based on these principles of federalism and autonomy, and the twelfth and final point in the Lega's program advocates "the construction of a Europe based on autonomy, federalism, respect and solidarity among all the peoples and thus between the Lombards and every other people." This is something quite different from "World Federalism," which seeks to empower an even higher level and more ruthless bureaucracy than we have now in Europe and the United States. Bossi's vision is more like Chesterton's, in *The Napoleon of Notting Hill*. A federal European community would respect the rights of individual nation states; more importantly it would represent not only an affirmation of historic nationalities and cultures but also a devolution of power down to the local and regional levels.

Up until a few years ago, this was easy to dismiss. By one of the larger ironies of the past several months, Bossi's dream of a Europe confederated out of historic nationalities is no longer as impossible as it seemed until recently. The European Parliament is providing an opportunity for Scots, Bretons, and Lombards to meet each other, and there is something like an autonomist caucus taking shape in the parliament. European unity may, in the end, turn out to mean not world government but a resurgence of regionalism and ethnic nationalism.

I am suspicious of all and every universal ideology, and I wonder—as we eat a seven-course dinner at Da Tony just outside of Bellagio—if the Lega has not gone mad on ideology as well as on history. But after the first few glasses of wine are drunk and the polenta consumed, the talk switches from political systems to local gossip and that greater gossip that constitutes a nation's history. One of the younger members makes the mistake of trying to drink the American under the table as we listen to a young man on crutches tell a series of stories in dialect that must be hilariously funny, because everyone is laughing. I can't get a single word. As the dinner progresses from prosciutto to cheese tarts to risotto to rabbit to roast beef to salads and dessert, I am given language lessons and learn to say "nu" and "su" (pronounced in what sounds like a Swedish accent) instead of "no" and "si." There is general hilarity at the crazy American's attempts, as when older kids teach the kindergartner to say bad words.

In the next few days I spend attending party meetings and talking to members I give up any suspicion that these Lombards are really ideologues at heart. They are, as the old soldier described them, a plain hardworking people struggling to maintain some sense of who they are in a country, in a world that only wants them to "pay and shut up." How unlike the United States.

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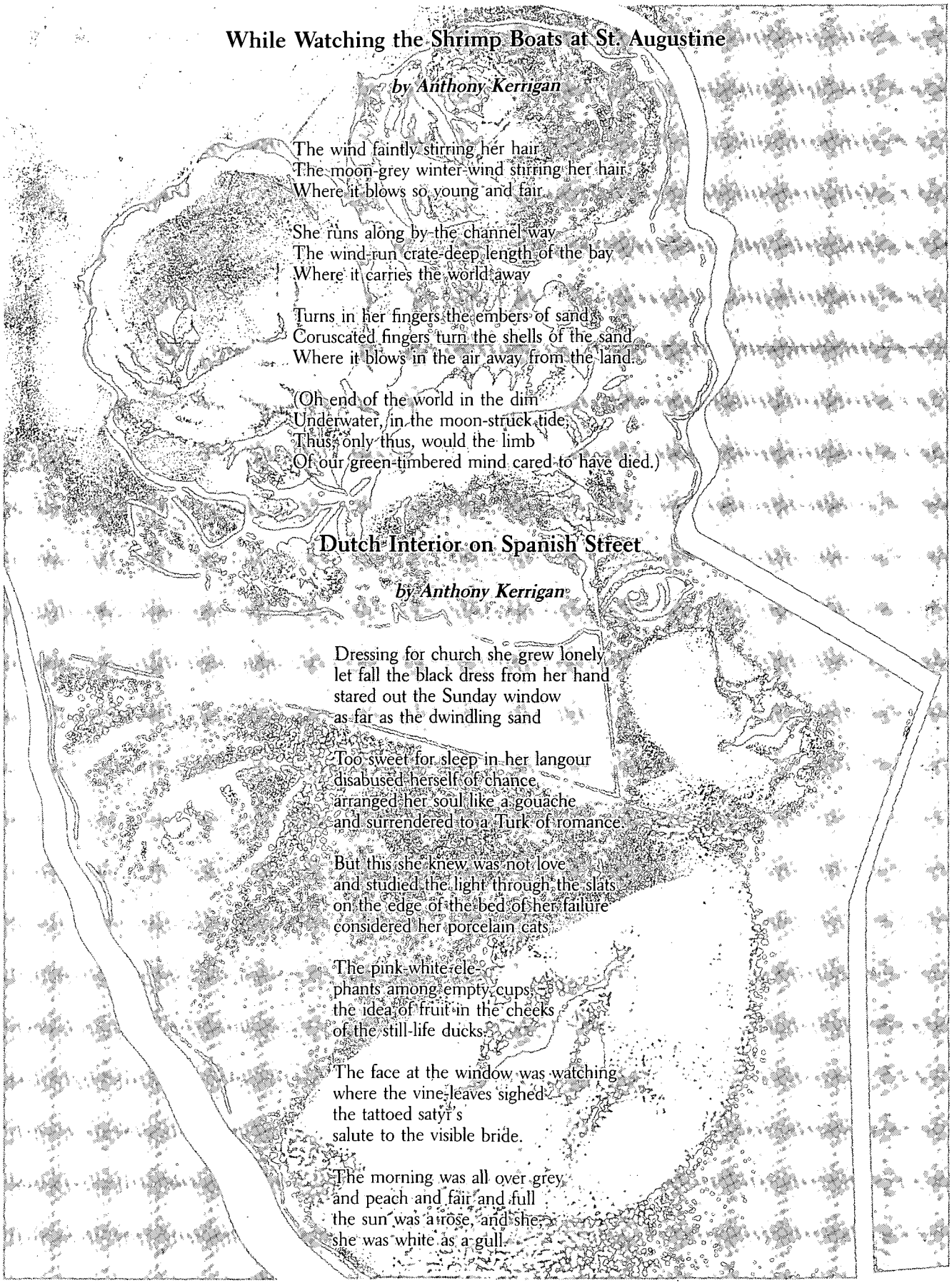

While Watching the Shrimp Boats at St. Augustine

by Anthony Kerrigan

The wind faintly stirring her hair
The moon-grey winter-wind stirring her hair
Where it blows so young and fair

She runs along by the channel way
The wind-run crate-deep length of the bay
Where it carries the world away

Turns in her fingers the embers of sand
Coruscated fingers turn the shells of the sand
Where it blows in the air away from the land.

(Oh end of the world in the dim
Underwater, in the moon-struck tide;
Thus only thus, would the limb
Of our green-timbered mind cared to have died.)

Dutch Interior on Spanish Street

by Anthony Kerrigan

Dressing for church she grew lonely
let fall the black dress from her hand
stared out the Sunday window
as far as the dwindling sand

Too sweet for sleep in her langour
disabused herself of chance
arranged her soul like a gouache
and surrendered to a Turk of romance

But this she knew was not love
and studied the light through the slats
on the edge of the bed of her failure
considered her porcelain cats

The pink-white ele-
phants among empty cups
the idea of fruit in the cheeks
of the still-life ducks.

The face at the window was watching
where the vine-leaves sighed
the tattoed satyr's
salute to the visible bride.

The morning was all over grey
and peach and fair and full
the sun was a rose, and she,
she was white as a gull.

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Anna Mycek-Wodecki

New York vs. New York

by Bill Kauffman

"The feeling between this city and the hayseeds . . . is every bit as bitter as the feelings between the North and South before the War. . . . Why, I know a lot of men in my district who would like nothin' better than to go out gunnin' for hayseeds."

—George Washington Plunkitt
Tammany Hall, 1905

Plunkitt lived in the days before garbage scows, Tawana Brawley, Nelson Rockefeller, radioactive waste, and the decimation of local government. In the Upstate-Downstate marriage, Plunkitt's was the Era of Good Feelings.

Sectional enmity in New York used to be served with a wink and a smile. They were slickers, we were apple-knockers; they were swells, we were yokels. Stanley Walker of the *New York Herald Tribune* could call Upstaters "earthbound clodhoppers, with inferiority complexes dating from a boyhood passed in shoveling out the barnyard," and no great offense was taken.

Upstaters knew their history back then; every schoolchild could recite the glories of his region. We gave birth to women's suffrage, the Liberty Party, Mormonism, spiritualism, Anti-Masonry, and the Oneida community. Mantics and kooks and visionaries—Jemima Wilkinson and the Fox Sisters and Frederick Douglass—took root in our soil. Shanty Irishmen built the Erie Canal; Gerritt Smith bought John Brown his guns.

At the great junctures in American history, Upstate had acted nobly, Downstate ignobly. Our patriots consecrated the Revolution with blood, while Tories and cowards sought haven in Manhattan. After the war, Downstate money interests rammed the new Constitution through, over the protests of the farmers and artisans who had shouldered the muskets. (The rustics possessed a "zeal for liberty," shuddered Federalist Richard Morris.)

The marvelous idea of divorce—of the two New Yorks—was first advanced at our ratifying convention in 1788. Ten states had already assented to the Constitution, but New York, led by the "Rough Hewer," shoemaker's appren-

Bill Kauffman, born in the cradle of Anti-Masonry, is author of the novel Every Man a King.

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tice Abraham Yates, Jr., held out. Downstate Federalists resorted to threat: if New York did not ratify, its largest city would split off and join the Union anyway. To our everlasting regret, several Upstate delegates caved in, and we entered the United States as one.

By 1861, the City had turned disunionist. Unwilling to offend "our aggrieved brethren of the slave states," doughface Mayor Fernando Wood, a Breckinridge man, proposed to take New York City out of New York State—and the United States—and declare independence. No principle was involved, just good old filthy lucre: Wood wanted to preserve the Southern trade. Typically, New York City hoped to profit from war while avoiding the fighting.

Wood's trial balloon was punctured, and over the next century not even William Randolph Hearst could set it aloft. Upstate blocked Hearst from the governorship, as it did Ed Koch in 1982, after hizzoner imprudently told *Playboy*: "This rural America thing—I'm telling you, it's a joke." Behind the pastoral facade lurked a truly nightmarish reality, almost David Lynchian: "wasting time in a pickup truck when you have to drive 20 miles to buy a gingham dress or a Sears, Roebuck suit."

Not exactly Jackie Mason, but still, a pretty harmless jest. Rural York, alas, had lost its sense of humor. We rejected Koch for that agrarian knight, Mario Cuomo.

Governor Cuomo's speechwriters have since beaten the "family of New York" trope into tripe. How is an Elba onion farmer kin to Jackie Onassis or the Reverend Al Sharpton or Billy Joel? David Leavitt, Manhattan's golden boy of letters (and an NEA grantee, natch), looks beyond the Hudson and sees "a scrubbed, manicured neighborhood. . . . The music is by Wayne Newton, the paintings are by Norman Rockwell, and sex takes place only between married men and women in beds at night."

The details are all wrong, of course, except maybe for Norman Rockwell and the bed, but that's to be expected of Leavitt, who knows less about the real America than I do about the nightlife of subsidized Bohemians and trust-fund trash. No matter. This is how Greenwich Village sees us, and this is why some sharp Upstate pol, maybe a demagogue and maybe not, will one day tap into the populist potential and try to set this house on fire. Our preamble to battle could come from William Jennings Bryan's Cross of Gold speech: "Our war is not a war of conquest. We are fighting in the defense of our homes, our families, and posterity. We have petitioned, and our petitions have been disregarded; we have begged, and they have mocked when our calamity came. We beg no longer; we petition no more. We defy them."

The train of abuses and usurpations snakes into eternity. We are taxed to subsidize their squalid subway system, their welfare industry, and those artistic expressions deemed pleasing by culture czar Kitty Carlisle. (Perhaps Annie Sprinkle playing the home version of *To Tell the Truth*?) Rural and working-class folks are harassed by an array of gun laws, 55 m.p.h. paternalism, and extortionate regressive levies on everything from fishing to foodstuffs.

The vitality is gone up here; no ferment, no foment, no nothing. Or so it appeared to Governor Cuomo, who seriously overplayed his hand and is facing an incipient rural rebellion.

In 1989, the governor determined to locate a low-level nuclear waste dump in rural, money-poor Allegany or Cortland County. Most of New York's waste is generated in Westchester County and around the City, but, well, you know: mustn't rouse the righteous dander of Joseph Papp and E.L. Doctorow and Christie Brinkley. It'd be so much easier to steal farmland in our godforsaken region. The *Times* won't make a peep.

Imagine Cuomo's surprise when his likeness was hung in effigy across Western New York. Protesters—not shaggy college kids but natives, many with roots generations deep—have kept state inspectors off the threatened property. Raucous rallies recall Whiskey Rebels and Daniel Shays. Guitar slingers who'd take Hank Williams Jr. over Joan Baez any day sing rousing songs. Top of the pops: "Allegany County is full of nasty boys / Shotguns is their favorite toys."

The anti-nuke firestorm is whipping up a great new cloud of anti-urbanism. Most Upstaters, at least in my neck of the woods, have never even been to New York City. Nevertheless, as Norman Mailer has said, "the good farmers and small-town workers of New York State rather detest us." And why not? You send your murderers and howling Son of Sam lunatics to Attica, and now you want to bury your nuclear waste in our woodlands. Like a boorish suitor who has already been to the mountaintop, you don't even flatter us into submission. You just seize the land by eminent domain, all the while crowing about how Green thou art. (The upper-middle-class environmentalist groups, so exercised over plastic trash bags and snowmobiles, are shamefully silent on the rape of Allegany. Might they want plum appointments in the Cuomo administration of 1993?)

The anti-Cuomo, anti-NYC sentiment is diffuse and unchanneled. It has no public outlet. The parties, the chain papers, the TV and radio stations are owned by Manhattan corporations: the New York establishment really is one big happy family. Agrarian and small-town dissent embarrasses Upstate elites, who have been to college and met people from all over the world and learned never to trust their own judgment or those of undegreed, untraveled neighbors.

This past November, the Republicans ran for governor a Manhattan millionaire economist named Pierre Rinfret, chosen for his bulging purse. Rinfret yammered about the death penalty and the fool drug war, as though serial killers and white powder are what ails us. He called his Upstate campaign trips "a waste of cash." He squandered the rural vote with a remarkable proposal that counties bid for the privilege of *not* hosting waste dumps—thus insuring that our poorest, most verdurous, least populated shires would become the Metropolis's latrine. Westchester would go scot-free, while Allegany would be forever despoiled. Despairing Yorkers cried that the Cuomo-Rinfret contest proved that the system no longer works, though I suspect it proved just the opposite: the system by which Cities and Money keep us in vassalage works all too well.

So what? some of my landmen say. Subjection is inevitable. David Harum, the cracker-barrel Yorker of a 19th-century regional novel, philosophized, "A reasonable amount of fleas is good for a dog—they keep him f'm broodin' on bein' a dog."

The problem is, Upstate has become a miserable whipped

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cur. We haven't elected one of our own governors since 1920. (The cousin-marrier of Hyde Park doesn't count.) We last elected a senator in 1958. We last had a *candidate* for governor in 1954. Estonia has more influence in Moscow than we do in Albany. (At least they've let us keep our accents.)

As the republican ideal dims, We are becoming more like Them. Henry Clune's fine unknown novel *Six O'Clock Casual* (1960) describes an Upstate hamlet in which the prominent men gleefully loot their patrimony. A native daughter, returned from New York City, discovers nothing but sickness and cupidity in her hometown. At novel's end, she again flees to the city, which is at least frank in its corruption.

Mr. Clune will turn 101 in February, and for all his pessimism he remains in the village of Scottsville, just outside of Rochester. He tried New York City once or twice, but opted to cultivate a literary career in hardscrabble local ground. He explained: "I longed for Main Street and the friendly nod, the warm greeting, the buttonholing by this, that, and the other passer-by. I wanted to be where I knew the folks. . . . Rochester becomes, not the small center around which the world revolves, but almost the world itself."

Clune is sadly unlaureled, but he has lived a life richer than a thousand PEN benefits. We are a "culturally undernourished hinterland," according to Norman Mailer, and while Upstaters do exhibit a deplorable ignorance of their heritage, I'll gladly pit Edmund Wilson against Alfred Kazin, William Kennedy against Jimmy Breslin, John Gardner against Philip Roth, Joyce Carol Oates against any *New Yorker* miniaturist, and, in the historical novelist category, Walter Edmonds against Arthur Schlesinger, Jr.

Face it: New York City has hit its cultural nadir. The magnet that once drew William Dean Howells now repels us with the subsidized juvenilia of Karen Finley. (And what does that say about the decline of their Midwest matrix?) Free spirits, Jack Kerouacs cruising jazz clubs, are long gone. The underground has a factitious, sham quality. New York City's two punk celebrities were typical: David Byrne was a RISDE brat and Joey Ramone has a rich psychiatrist mother. By contrast, Buffalo's best punk band, the Enemies, was led by a swimming-pool cleaner and a cabbie.

The dark-eyed poet of the 60's demimonde, Lou Reed, now finds Manhattan unlivable. "I've really got a lucky life," he sings, with "my writing, my motorcycle, and my wife." And his house in New Jersey. Rank and File, an incendiary cowpunk band out of Seattle by way of Austin, visited after-midnight NYC and didn't like it one bit:

> Did you ever see a sheep in a porkpie hat?
> Ever seen a lemming dressed all in black?
> You might have been there but I'll tell you
> just in case
> Just take a walk down St. Mark's Place.

Rank and File were angry populists, probably harboring all sorts of phobias. The bumpkin bewildered by the din and pageantry of Gotham is a stock character in Upstate/Downstate literature. Stanley Walker, in his jocular 1935 essay, walked a mile in our shoes: "Every other citizen is either a pickpocket or a sybarite. . . . The City reeks with Jews, Catholics, atheists, communists, nudists, Republicans, Public Enemies, chow dogs, Rolls-Royces, and Heywood Broun."

The conceit is that anyone who bridles at Downstate imperialism is a rube, a racist, a redneck, an anti-Semite. What wonderful weapons with which to stifle debate: submit, Upstater, or face the Hate Crime tribunal!

So where do we turn, O Lord, where do we turn? To Norman Mailer, of course, whose 1969 mayoral campaign is a fulgent star in our pitch black night.

"Power to the Neighborhoods!" was Mailer's slogan. He wanted to abolish the present city government and permit blocks, tracts, sections to manage their own affairs. SoHo, Harlem, Bensonhurst: each neighborhood would be responsible for its own welfare, trash pickup, policing, etc. He also wanted to cut Upstate loose, to end our "marriage of misery, incompatibility, and abominable old quarrels."

Mailer averred that he was to the left of the liberals and to the right of the conservatives: wisdom's place! He got clobbered, but not before diagnosing the modern malady: "The style of New York life has shifted since the Second World War (along with the rest of American cities) from a scene of local neighborhoods and personalities to a large dull impersonal style of life which deadens us with its architecture, its highways, its abstract welfare, and its bureaucratic reflex to look for government solutions which come into the city from without (and do not work) . . . Our condition is spiritless. We wait for abstract impersonal powers to save us, we despise the abstractness of those powers, we loathe ourselves for our own apathy." Has any candidate in postwar America been as eloquent?

Mailer's essay, "An Instrument for the City," reprinted in *Existential Errands*, is a brilliant and shamefully neglected decentralist manifesto. If New Yorkers had listened to Mailer, Paul Goodman, and Dorothy Day instead of John Lindsay, Abe Beame, and Ed Koch, perhaps we'd be friends.

Two years later, Bella Abzug picked up the statehood ball. The floppy-hatted harridan—who had opposed the high-testosterone Mailer candidacy—raged against Upstate "appleknockers" who did not understand the historical inevitability of a centralized welfare state run by Manhattan social workers. Abzug's plan was poorly designed: she wanted an urban state, without the buffers of Long Island and Westchester. (We don't want 'em either!)

Yet Abzug struck a nerve. Ambitious pols who thought they were too urban, too Jewish, too black to win statewide elections hopped on the statehood train. Brooklyn borough president Sebastian Leone took Bella one step further and called for an independent Brooklyn, asserting, "We've lived too long in the shadow of Manhattan." The Buffalo City Council passed a "good riddance" resolution. Petitions were circulated to force a citywide referendum to authorize the drafting of a new constitution, the first step toward statehood. Liberal activists were reinvigorating the torpid American ideal of self-rule, and they were, justly, proud of themselves.

They were also naive. The hack City Clerk rejected 20,000 of the 55,398 signatures they had collected. There would be no referendum. Governor Rockefeller and the

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New York Times proclaimed it a great triumph for unity, and secession died a prompt death.

(A similar fate will likely befall the separatist movement operating today on Staten Island. By far the smallest of New York's five boroughs, Staten Island gets stuck with 80 percent of the city's rubbish. "One man-one vote" rulings have nullified the borough's influence in city affairs, so fed-up islanders are crafting a charter for an independent City of Staten Island. The state legislature, dominated by anti-secession slickers—why liberate your best garbage can?—will have the final say. Those who have ever depended on the kindness of politicians can predict the outcome.)

I suppose there is no reason for anyone outside of New York to care about our plight, but I'll take a stab at manufacturing "relevance." Division of New York is in the national interest because it would permit a new generation of Upstatesmen to take the stage. We did, after all, give America Martin Van Buren and Grover Cleveland. (With Millard Fillmore we'll take our mulligan.) Barber Conable, my congressman for many years, a man of republican virtue and rectitude, would've made a fine President. Democrats from Rochester and Syracuse are colorless, but the rural Democracy is populist, anti-bureaucracy, and Green. (In many cow counties, the Democrats are the anti-tax, anti-spending party.) Give us our own state and we just might give America another Bob Taft or William Jennings Bryan.

In mid-September, Batavians honored Major Philemon Tracy of the Sixth Georgia Infantry, the only Confederate officer buried in Northern soil during the War.

Tracy was a Macon, Georgia, boy who spent his summers in Batavia with his uncle, Judge Phineas Tracy. When Major Tracy was felled at Antietam, his uncle had the body smuggled north and interred without fanfare in our founders' cemetery. A century and a quarter later, local Civil War buffs, led by Don Burkel—whose printed cards describe his occupation as "Controversial Person"—decided to give Major Tracy a proper memorial.

Fifty or so Batavians paid their respects on a brisk Sunday morning. Reenactment soldiers, blue and gray, planted the stars and bars and stars and stripes in Tracy's dirt. Jefferson Davis made a brief speech. An adorable elementary schoolgirl read Mary Ashley Townsend's poem, "A Georgia Volunteer." The soldiers fired a volley. A bugler played "Taps."

As we left the cemetery, my dad and I talked about the Kauffmans in the Union army, privates all, farmkids who marched off to war. I felt proud of them even as I doubted the justness of suppressing the South. When I got home I performed an etiolated act of localism worthy of the 90's: I opened a beer, flopped on the couch, and watched the Buffalo Bills game on television.

The Bills are a respected team, finally, and Western New Yorkers are inspirited in the days following a big win. Maybe, in some small way, these muscle-bound mercenaries are contributing to a revived regional patriotism. But Philemon Tracy's grave, its Confederate flag rippling in the September breeze, sent a loud and sure admonition to any romantic fools who might still entertain secessionist dreams: *don't!*

The Blue Train

by Charles Edward Eaton

There he was, going down the coast—the *wagonlit*—
The Blue Train overnight, holding the pale, white man
Who wanted to lie like a sponge at the bottom of the sea.

He tried a drink, read a novel, but the page
Leaked off into the night somewhere, a blue miasma,
And nothing in that hurtling, tight compartment could assuage.

You see, some of us are born to want ineffable blue drink,
To soak it up in every etiolated pore—
Wherever oceans are, we would be the sink.

Morning comes—groggy and a little sick,
We wonder if oranges hang like tiny buoys by the sea,
Pushing back the blue moons of our nails with—what else?—an orange stick.

Because you see we do not want to be quite lost—
We mean to come up from the depths, wear the blue mantle in the sun,
Swing the oranges like censers for our Pentecost.

Still, you may ride all night and never take the plunge—
Just the sun's ocellus on the hand in the dining car:
The spot of peacock blue—no more than this one squeezes from the sponge.

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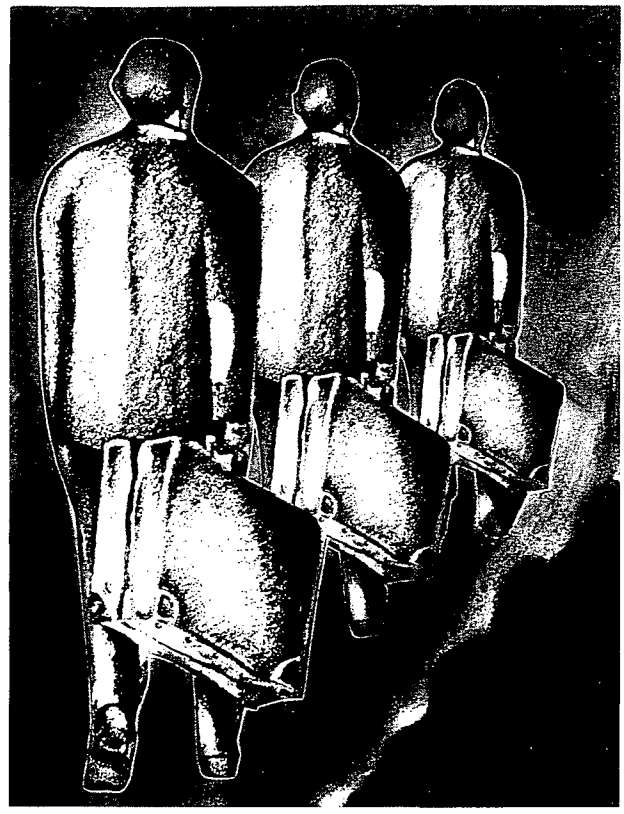
A Global Village or the Rights of the Peoples?

by Tomislav Sunic



Anna Mycek-Wodecki

The great conflicts of the future will no longer pit left against right, or East against West, but the forces of nationalism and regionalism against the credo of universal democracy. The lofty ideal of the global village seems to be stumbling over the renewed rise of East European separatism, whose aftershocks may soon spill over into the Western hemisphere. Already the dogma of human rights is coming under fire by the proponents of peoples' rights, and the yearning for historical community is making headway into atomized societies deserted by ideologies.

With the collapse of communist internationalism the clock of history has been turned back, and inevitably the words of the 19th-century conservative Joseph de Maistre come to mind: "I have seen Poles, Russians, Italians, but as to *man*, I declare never to have seen him." Indeed, this paradigmatic universal man, relieved from economic plight and from the burden of history, this man on whom we pattern the ideology of human rights, is nowhere to be seen. He appears all the more nebulous as in day-to-day life we encounter real peoples with specific cultures. If he resides in Brooklyn, his idea of human rights is likely to be different from somebody who lives in the Balkans; if he is a fundamentalist Moslem his sense of civic duty will be different from somebody who is a Catholic. The rise in nationalist sentiments in Eastern Europe should not be seen as only a backlash against communist economic chaos; rather, it is the will of different peoples to retrieve their national memories long suppressed by communism's shallow universalism.

All of Europe seems to be undergoing a paradoxical and almost ludicrous twist of history. On the one hand Western Europe is becoming more and more an "americano-centric" anational meta-society, while post-communist Eastern Europe threatens to explode into a myriad of mini-states. Conversely, whereas Western Europe is experiencing an unparalleled wave of foreign immigration and the inevitable surge of racism that must follow, the racial homogeneity of East Europeans has made them today more "European" than West Europeans—the East's own multi-ethnic turmoil notwithstanding.

In view of the disintegrating state system in Eastern Europe, Woodrow Wilson's crusades for the right of national self-determination and global democracy must seem contradictory. Home rule as envisioned by the architects of the Treaty of Versailles in 1919 may have suited the demands of Poles, Czechs, and those European peoples who benefited from the collapse of the Austro-Hungarian

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Tomislav Sunic is professor of European politics at Juniata College in Pennsylvania. He is the author of the forthcoming Against Democracy and Equality: The European New Right *(Peter Lang Publishing, Inc.).*

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monarchy, but it had little appeal for those who were forced to exchange one foreign ruler for another. For the Germans stranded in a newly emerged and bloated Poland or Romania in 1919, or for the Slovaks in a hybrid Czechoslovak state, the right to home rule meant nothing less than the creation of their own separate nation-states.

Yugoslavia, too, has owed its relative longevity more to Western liberal well-wishers that to the true consensus of its disparate peoples. For the last seventy years the Yugoslav experience has been an exercise in civil wars and constant ethnic strife among four of its major ethnic groups. Naturally, in light of the present salvos being exchanged between the Croats and the Serbs, the question that comes to mind is why does the artificial blending of different peoples always lead to instability and ethnic chaos? The answer seems to be rather obvious: that the rights of peoples are incompatible with universalism. Ethnic particularities cannot coexist in a state that places abstract principles of human rights over the real principles of peoples' rights.

It would be impossible to chronicle with precision who is right or wrong in the present ethnic turmoil that besets Yugoslavia. A litany of grievances can be heard today among Croats, Serbs, Slovenes, and ethnic Albanians, of which each group is tirelessly trying to outdo the others with its own impressive victimology. As Yugoslavia demonstrates, in multiethnic countries the notion of justice depends solely on the constantly shifting inter-ethnic balance of power, as well as the perception that each ethnic group may have of its neighbor. Both Serbs and Croats, the two largest ethnic groups in Yugoslavia, are today utterly disappointed with their country; the former, on the grounds that Yugoslavia is not centralized enough to allow the consolidation of the Yugoslav state; the latter, on the grounds that Yugoslavia is already too centralized. The lesson to draw today from the Yugoslav experience is that in multiethnic states democracy can only function when the national question has been resolved.

Moreover, democracy can take root only within the ethnographic frontiers of various peoples, who will define that word in accordance with their *genius loci* and their own history. Just as it was foolish some time ago to talk about Yugoslav anticommunist dissidence, so it is foolish now to anticipate the emergence of the all-out "Yugoslav" democracy. What seems good for a Croatian democrat today may be seen as a direct threat by somebody who styles himself a Serbian democrat tomorrow. Even America, because of its erratic immigration policy and the declining birthrate among whites, may soon find itself in a similar situation of having to redefine the concept of democracy. The legacy of the Founding Fathers, in the years to come, may be interpreted differently given the changing racial fabric of America. Voting preferences are likely to hinge on skin color, which could lead to a Balkanization worse than the one presently threatening Yugoslavia.

Democracy in any multiethnic state, at least as the global democrats would like to see it, is semantic nonsense; the liberal principle of "one man, one vote" is inapplicable in a country of diverse ethnic groups. Consequently, the genuine democratization of Yugoslavia, or for that matter the multiethnic Soviet Union, would require the disintegration of the country and the establishment of new nation-states. The German Holy Empire was an example of a rather stable confederal system that lasted for almost one thousand years, although at one point it was divided into three hundred sovereign principalities.

Paradoxical as it may seem, the ideology of global democracy seems to parallel closely the failed communist utopia, with one exception: it is presently more successful in the pursuit of its goals. What we are witnessing in the West is a liberal transposition of the Christian ideal of one world into a post-industrial society—a *civitas dei* in an age of cable TV and Michael Jackson. Everything presages, however, that this brand of universalism can be as dangerous for the peoples of Eastern Europe as the now moribund communism. From the point of view of a globe-trotting merchant a centralized and unified Yugoslavia, or Soviet Union, organized into giant free markets, would be the best solution insofar as that would facilitate the free movement of capital, and thus better ease the strain of ethnic animosity. Indeed, the prospects of having to deal with an additional twenty states on the Euro-Asian continent is a nightmare to a businessman more interested in the free flow of capital than in the self-determination of ethnic groups. The political liberal will surely endorse a global village that includes different ethnic parades—so long as they do not turn into military marches. Such a line of thinking, that "economics determines politics," clearly points to the Marxian morphology inherent in liberalism, confirming, once again, that communism is nothing else but its pesky brainchild.

But will the free bazaar in the global village dissolve ethnic passions? Although the masses in franchised Eastern Europe are today mimicking every move of the West, nothing indicates that their honeymoon with the global village will last long. Ethnic intolerance will only worsen once the peoples of Eastern Europe realize that the global village promises a lot but delivers little.

What makes a people? A people has a common heritage and a will to a common destiny. A people exists despite superficial cleavages such as parties, interest groups, and passing trends in ideologies. As Georges Dumezil, Mircea Eliade, and Carl G. Jung have demonstrated, a people shares a "*mythe fondateur*"—a communal myth that gives birth to original cultural endeavors. The culture of a people, recalls Alain de Benoist, is its identity card and its mental respiration, and "it is the passport for a future that takes the shape of destiny."

When a people becomes oblivious of its founding myth it is doomed to perish. Worse, it may turn into an aggregate of happy robots whose new dictum of universal human rights could be just another cloak for mindless hedonism. Western Europe is already experiencing this kind of ethnic and cultural oblivion. Paris in August resembles Oran or Marrakesh, and wide stretches of Berlin, at noon, have the distinct flavor of Anatolia. To many foreigners France is becoming more a synonym for its famous goat cheese and less a symbol of Corneillian heroism, and if one decides to go to Florence it is for a good bottle of Chianti rather than the mystic transcendence experienced through Botticelli's paintings.

Yugoslavia, founded on similar principles of multiculturalism, is a product of the Russian 19th-century pan-Slavism

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combined with the Wilsonian dream. This experiment has not resulted in perpetual peace. In times of great crises host nations no longer look at aliens as purveyors of exotic folklore, but rather as predators snatching bread from their host's mouth. Peoples are not the same; they never have been and never will be. Ethnic groups can be compared to the inmates of large American prisons, who usually begin to respect each only when their turf is staked out and when their cells are separated by massive stone walls. Thrown into one cell they are likely to devour each other in a perpetual conflict over "territorial imperative."

The best way, therefore, to resolve the Yugoslavian multiethnic crisis is not by appealing to the spirit of "brotherhood and unity" but rather by dismantling the country into a loose confederal state. Blood and soil will forever determine the life of nations. "Scratch the skin of any globalist," goes the proverb in Croatia, "and you will find beneath a passionate Croat, Serb, German, or Jew."

With the end of communism, the end of history will not follow, as some would wish us to believe. Had the Europeans in the 13th century conjured up the "end of history," the Mongol *khananat* would have been transferred to the Iberian peninsula. Had the Germans and the Poles preached the liturgy of affirmative action in 1683, Vienna would shine today as the capital of the Turkish sultans. The endless power game among nations and ethnic groups, the constant shifts in demographic trends, teach us that life goes on in all its "creative" hatred—Hitler, Stalin, or Saddam notwithstanding.

Today, more than ever before in the history of mankind, it is the specificity of peoples that is threatened by the universalist credo. Whether one travels to Warsaw or Sarajevo, or lands in Bucharest or Berlin, the blaring of rock music and the iconography of junk culture have become the new *lingua franca* of the global village. One could spend days in the Budapest Hilton without ever knowing one had left the suspended bridges of the hotel complex of downtown Atlanta. The new universalism, in order to enforce its creed, no longer needs to resort to genocide and depopulations, to the frigid climate of Kolyma or Katyn, to which Stalin, in the name of a paradigmatic global proletarian, carted off Volga Germans, Kalmuks, and Chechens. The new universalism need only turn to a tepid universe of Kentucky Fried Chicken, a society in which everybody equals everybody, and where ethnic identities, therefore, mean nothing.

This "cool Stalinism" strips peoples of their souls by creating a *Homoeconomicus-dollaricus*. The end results of both brands of universalism are pretty much the same, except that the veiled violence of liberal universalism can now be more dangerous than the blunt violence of communism. It is an irony of history that naked violence often preserves regionalism and ethnic roots; each persecution has its cathartic virtue, and each sacrifice invariably strengthens a peoples' historical memory. Communist violence has triggered a hitherto unseen ethnic pride from the Balkans to the Baltic lands. In an air-conditioned hell of *cool* universalism, by contrast, regionalism and the love of one's country do not need to be openly crushed; instead, they can be turned into a commodity, and thereby rendered superfluous, if not outright funny. If ever the ethnic pride disappears from Eastern Europe it will not be as a result of communist repression, but rather as the outcome of a new infatuation with capitalist gadgetry. The global village knows how to enslave Ulysses' lotus eaters without even making them realize the peril that they face.

In a system in which everything has become a commodity, ethnic identity is viewed as an expendable triviality too—a triviality that may at best arouse some culinary interest or a tourist's curiosity. If necessary, universalism will even do good business from the hammer, sickle, and swastika—as long as they sell well. For a globe-trotting merchant, home is where he hangs his hat, and where he makes a big buck. Montesquieu was, after all, not wrong when he wrote that commerce is the vocation of *equal* people.

Until recently, the concepts of egalitarianism and global democracy were strictly limited to Western peoples. Today, in a spasm of masochism, and because of the so-called "white guilt," the West has extended these principles to the antipodes of Earth. The *bon sauvage* has been transformed in our postmodern age into the therapeutic role of white man's superego. Not long ago it was the white man who had to teach the nonwhites the manners of the West. Today the roles are reversed; now it is the non-European, with his pristine innocence, who grafts himself onto the ailing consciousness of the Westerner, pointing out to him the right path to the radiant future.

The very concept of "the West" has been stripped of its original geopolitical and geographical significance, becoming instead a metaphor for a meta-system that encompasses Alaska, the Philippines, South Korea, and any nook or cranny where the idea of the mercantile global village thrives.

With the end of its competing ideology the philosophy of the global village has taken hold in many countries, eulogizing those who support it, vilifying those who don't. What the future holds is not difficult to guess. It may well happen that inter-ethnic troubles will eventually subside in Eastern Europe, but this is not likely to happen in the West, where racial turmoil looms large. We may soon see replicas of the Berlin Wall erected in New York and Philadelphia in order to contain the multiethnic violence of the global village. The lesson of artificial Yugoslavia should not be forgotten. Our "promiscuous altruism," as Garrett Hardin writes, may lead us against our will into a war of all against all.

The cult of the global village appears today as a political response to theological and ideological battles that have rocked the West for more than a century. But it remains to be seen how the singular principle of human rights can be implanted in a world that remains eminently plural. "We invoke human rights," continues Hardin, "to justify interfering in another nation's internal affairs. Thereby we risk making enemies of that nation . . . The intentions behind the fiction of 'human rights' may be noble, but insisting on such rights poses grave dangers."Global democracy is the last twilight dream of those who are spiritually homeless and physically uprooted. It is a doctrine that eloquently masks the ethnic and racial reality behind the theology of universalism.

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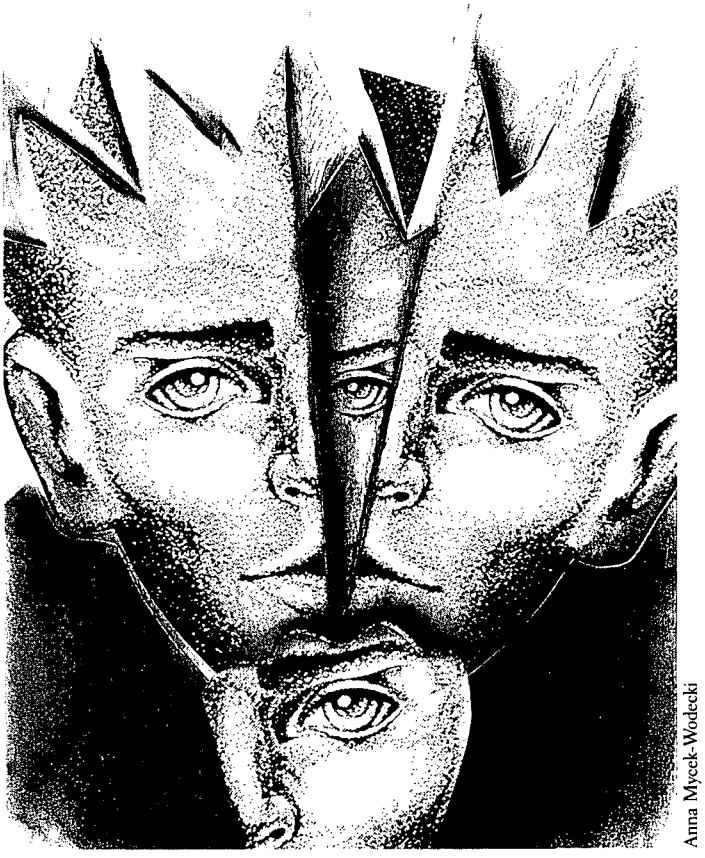
A Doctor in Spite of Himself

The Strange Career of Martin Luther King, Jr.'s Dissertation

by Theodore Pappas



Anna Mycek-Wodecki

On December 3, 1989, the London *Telegraph* included a piece of academic news from the United States: "Researchers in his native Georgia must soon decide whether to reveal that the late Dr. Martin Luther King, murdered in 1968, was—in addition to his other human failings—a plagiarist. There is now much doubt as to whether his Ph.D. thesis was really his own work." This story had been making the rounds in academic circles for quite some time, but, as the *Telegraph* correctly added, "The story has not yet been published in the United States."

King received a Boston University Ph.D. in theology with a 1955 dissertation entitled "A Comparison of the Conceptions of God in the Thinking of Paul Tillich and Henry Nelson Wieman." According to the rumor, King's discussion of Tillich was based on a dissertation by one Jack Stewart Boozer entitled "The Place of Reason in Paul Tillich's Concept of God," for which Boozer was awarded a Ph.D. in theology from Boston University in 1952. Boozer, who later became a professor of theology at Emory University, died in 1989. Dr. Clayborne Carson of Stanford University, chief editor of the King papers, quickly denied that there was any validity to the rumor, telling the *Telegraph*, "It's really not true [that the dissertation was plagiarized]." When pressed whether the charge against King was entirely without substance, he reportedly replied: "It's hard to give a categorical answer. . . . What we're talking about is the question of whether there was adequate citation of all sources."

Dr. Ralph Luker of Emory University, the associate editor of the King papers, told the *Telegraph* that a research team was considering the possibility of plagiarism. "We're in the process of conducting our research, and will be able to report on that research within the next nine months." "It would be very foolish for us to attempt any kind of statement at this point," he added, "because our research is not complete. When we think we know what the situation is, then we will be prepared to report it." "Our reputations as historians are on the line."

Despite the serious nature of the charge, more than nine months have passed and no scholarly article has appeared and no discussion of the charges has occurred in our nation's press. The question is, are we dealing with a substantial case of plagiarism or merely an instance of careless documentation? To begin with, it is worth noting that King's dissertation deals with many of the same topics found in Boozer's dissertation, and that King reaches virtually every conclusion

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Theodore Pappas is the assistant editor of Chronicles.

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that Boozer does concerning Tillich's conception of God — that Tillich's thought is often paradoxical if not contradictory, that Tillich sees God as "being-itself," that Tillich in the end affirms a monistic system of theology not entirely unlike Plotinus's and Hegel's, etc. Even so, it is possible to borrow a man's ideas, arguments, and evidence but paraphrase his actual language in a way that manages to stop short of plagiarism.

But, as Samuel Johnson made clear, when "there is a concurrence of more resemblances than can be imagined to have happened by chance; as where the same ideas are conjoined without any natural series or necessary coherence, or where not only the thought but the words are copied," plagiarism is surely present. This remains to date the best definition of plagiarism, and if we apply it to this case we must reach the inescapable conclusion that Mr. King committed plagiarism repeatedly in the course of his dissertation.

It is not merely that King's argument, language, and choice of words run parallel with Boozer's, but that whole phrases, sentences, and even paragraphs are lifted verbatim from Boozer's text. Dr. Luker of Emory is correct in pointing out that King acknowledges, on page five, that a "fine" dissertation was done on Tillich in 1952. And King does say on page seven that "the present inquiry will utilize from these valuable secondary sources any results which bear directly on the problem, and will indicate such use by appropriate footnotes." King, however, does not do this. In fact, among the dozens of sections he lifts from Boozer, he footnotes Boozer only twice, on pages 123 and 161 — and then he gets both footnotes wrong (the first quote is found on page 193 of Boozer's text, not page 209; and the second on page 63, not page 62).

A wrong footnote here or an incorrect page number there would not warrant a discussion of plagiarism. But such slips are symptoms and signs of a much more serious offense. There is virtually no section of King's discussion of Tillich that cannot be found in Boozer's text, and often the parallels are not simply similarities but downright duplications. In other words, contrary to Dr. Carson's claim, what is involved here is by no means a mere matter of inadequate citation, as the following examples will make clear. The cumbersome footnotes King and Boozer make to Tillich's original texts have been excluded. In none of the following passages does King footnote Boozer. On the subject of the Trinity:

King:
For Tillich the trinity is not the illogical and irrational assertion that three are one and one is three. It is a qualitative rather than a quantitative characterization of God. It is an attempt to express the richness and complexity of the divine life. . . . It is the abysmal character of God, the element of power which is the basis of the Godhead, "which makes God God." (pp. 152-153)

Boozer:
The doctrine of the trinity is not the illogical assertion that three are one. Rather it is a qualitative characterization of God. It is an effort to express the richness of the divine life. . . . It is the abysmal character of God, the element of power, which is the basis of the Godhead, "which makes God God." (p. 214)

On dualism:

King:
[Dualism] is aware of the two poles of reality, but dualism conceives these in a static complementary relationship. Tillich maintains that these poles are related in dynamic interaction, that one pole never exists out of relation to the other pole. Herein is one of Tillich's basic criticisms of Hegel. Hegel, according to Tillich, transcends the tension of existential involvement in the concept of a synthesis. (p. 25)

Boozer:
Dualism is aware of the two poles of reality, but dualism conceives these in a static complementary relationship. Tillich maintains that they are related in a dynamic interaction, that one pole never exists out of relation to the other pole. One feels here again that it is upon this issue that Tillich criticizes Hegel. For, according to Tillich, Hegel transcends the tension of existential involvement in the concept of a synthesis. (p. 268)

On God's manifestation in history:

King:
In a real sense, then, God manifests himself in history. This manifestation is never complete because God as abyss is inexhaustible. But God as *logos* is manifest in history and is in real interdependence with man. (p. 27)

Boozer:
In a real sense, then, God enters history, God manifests himself in history. This manifestation is never complete because God as abyss is inexhaustible. But God as *logos* is manifest in history and is in real interdependence with man and man's *logos*. (p. 270)

On correlation:

King:
Correlation means correspondence of data in the sense of a correspondence between religious symbols and that which is symbolized by them. It is upon the assumption of this correspondence that all utterances about God's nature are made. This correspondence is actual in the *logos* nature of

Boozer:
Correlation means correspondence of data in the sense of a correspondence between religious symbols and that which is symbolized by them. It is upon the assumption of this correspondence that all utterances about God's nature are made. This correspondence is actual in the *logos*-nature of

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God and the *logos* nature of man. (p. 21)

God and the *logos*-nature of man. (p. 265)

On another meaning of correlation:

King:
A second meaning of correlation is the logical interdependence of concepts. It is polar relationships that fall chiefly under this meaning of correlation. . . . The world does not stand by itself. Particular being is in correlation with being-itself. In this second meaning of correlation, then, Tillich moves beyond epistemological considerations to ontological considerations. (p. 24)

Boozer:
A second meaning of correlation is the logical interdependence of concepts. Tillich regards polar relationships as falling under this meaning of correlation. . . . The world does not stand by itself. Particular being is in correlation with being-itself. In the second meaning of correlation, then, Tillich moves beyond an epistemological consideration to an ontological consideration. (pp. 267-268)

On symbol and sign:

King:
A symbol possesses a necessary character. It cannot be exchanged. A sign, on the contrary, is impotent and can be exchanged at will. A religious symbol is not the creation of a subjective desire or work. If the symbol loses its ontological grounding, it declines and becomes a mere "thing," a sign impotent in itself. "Genuine symbols are not interchangeable at all, and real symbols provide no objective knowledge, but yet a true awareness." The criterion of a symbol is that through it the unconditioned is clearly grasped in its unconditionedness.

Correlation as the correspondence of data means in this particular case that there is correspondence between religious symbols and that reality which these symbolize. Once a true religious symbol is discovered one can be sure that here is an implicit indication of the nature of God. (pp. 22-24)

Boozer:
A symbol possesses a necessary character. It cannot be exchanged. On the other hand a sign is impotent in itself and can be exchanged at will. . . . The religious symbol is not the creation of a subjective desire or work. If the symbol loses its ontological grounding, it declines and becomes a mere "thing," a sign impotent in itself. "Genuine symbols are not interchangeable at all, and real symbols provide no objective knowledge, but yet a true awareness." The criterion of a symbol is that through it the unconditioned is clearly grasped in its unconditionedness. . . . (p. 125)

Correlation as the correspondence of data means in this particular case that there is correspondence between religious symbols and that reality which these symbolize. Once a true religious symbol has been discovered one can be sure that here is an implicit indication of the nature of God. (p. 267)

This last example is particularly revealing, because it shows not only the extent of King's plagiarism (every word on page 23 of King's text is lifted from Boozer), but also King's tactic of pasting together disparate sections of Boozer's text, in this case sections that are more than one hundred pages apart. The smooth and impressive manner in which King conjoined, word for word, different sections of Boozer's dissertation could not have been done without great circumspection and forethought.

The citations of such parallels could go on for many pages. King on freedom, page 312, is taken from pages 62 and 63 of Boozer. King on the "real interdependence of things and events," pages 25 and 26, is taken from page 269 of Boozer. King on the omnipresence of God, page 292, is taken from page 197 of Boozer. King on naturalism, or "humanism," page 18, is taken from pages 262 and 263 of Boozer. Et cetera.

As any devotee of detective stories well knows, it is the slight slips and blunders that most often carry the gravest consequence for the perpetrator of the crime. It is the dropped cuff link or forgotten matchbook that often reveals the perpetrator's identity and seals his fate, and King and his dissertation are no exceptions. King's forgotten matchbook and dropped cuff link are a comma and a typo.

Amid a discussion of Tillich's conception of "creation," we find the following parallel.

King:
But Tillich does not mean by creation an event which took place "once upon a time." Creation does not refer to an event, it rather indicates a condition, a relationship between God and the world. "It is the correlate to the analysis of man's *finitude*, *it* answers the question implied in man's finitude and infinitude [*sic*] generally." Man asks a question which, in existence, he cannot answer. But the question is answered by man's essential nature, his unity with God. Creation is the word given to the process which actualizes man in existence. To indicate the gap between his essential

Boozer:
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nature and his existential nature man speaks of creation. (p. 125)	nature and his existential nature man speaks of "creation." (pp. 45-46)

King has not only lifted this entire passage from Boozer's text, but he has even copied an error in punctuation. The grammatically incorrect comma between the two words I have italicized in both paragraphs does not appear in the text of Tillich, who correctly punctuated with a period. Boozer, in quoting these lines from page 252 of volume one of Tillich's *Systematic Theology*, mistakenly copied the period as a comma, and King simply copied Boozer's mistake.

More problems arise in the pages concluding King's section on Tillich. On page 159 King states that both he and the reader have now come to a question that has been "cropping up throughout our discussion of Tillich's God-concept, viz., the question of whether Tillich holds to an absolute quantitative monism." The reader can feel the build up to King's exposition of his thesis, the pivotal point to which his previous one hundred and fifty pages have been leading. Not surprisingly, this just happens to be one of the crucial questions to which Boozer also builds. As Boozer states on page 60, "We come now to a crucial issue for an understanding of Tillich. Is man a part of God in an absolute quantitative monism?" Virtually every line of King's concluding remarks on pages 159 and 160 can be found on pages 60 through 63 of Boozer's dissertation.

King:	*Boozer*:
Perhaps Tillich's most explicit statement of monism is his contention that "man's love of God is the love with which God loves himself. . . . The divine life is the divine self-love." . . . Passages such as these cited indicate an absolute monism. . . . Tillich affirms that there would be no history unless man were to some degree free; that is, to some extent, independent from God. . . . He [man] is to some extent "outside" the divine life. This means that he stands "in actualized freedom, in an existence which is no longer united with essence." (p. 160)	But perhaps the most convincing statement of monism is in terms of love, that "man's love of God is the love with which God loves himself. . . . The divine life is the divine self-love." . . . Passages such as these certainly indicate an absolute monism. . . . There would be no history unless man were to some degree free; that is, to some degree independent from God. . . . He [man] is to some extent "outside" the divine life. "To be outside the divine life means to stand in actualized freedom, in an existence which is no longer united with essence." (pp. 62-63)

King couldn't even resist Boozer's concluding comparisons. Boozer, page 61: "The similarity of Tillich's theology with Hegel's philosophy of spirit and Plotinus' philosophy of the One inclines one to interpret Tillich as an absolute monist." King, pages 159-160: "The similarity of Tillich's view at this point to Hegel's philosophy of spirit and Plotinus' philosophy of the One inclines one to interpret Tillich as an absolute monist."

It is amid these concluding remarks that King commits another error. King quotes the following from Tillich on page 159 of his thesis: "God is infinite because he has the finite within himself united with his infinity." Boozer uses this same quotation on page 61 of his thesis. Boozer, however, mistakenly credits it to page 282 of volume one of Tillich's *Systematic Theology*, whereas the correct page number is 252. King again copies Boozer's mistake and also types page 282 for his footnote to this quote. Interestingly enough, Boozer's next line in this paragraph is another quotation from page 252 of Tillich's text—"The divine life is creative, actualizing itself in inexhaustible abundance." Not surprisingly, King follows with the same quote. This time, however, Boozer correctly cites page 252 in his footnote. King, still following Boozer's previous mistake, continues incorrectly to cite page 282.

No further evidence is needed to conclude that King plagiarized his doctoral dissertation. But many questions remain, such as how Professor L. Harold DeWolf, the first reader of both Boozer's and King's dissertations, could have overlooked—intentionally or unintentionally—the similarities between the two theses. And what are we to make of the disingenuous statements made by the editors of the King papers, whose reputations—by their own admission—are on the line? The idea that they needed nine months to review the evidence is absurd. A few hours with each text is all that is necessary.

The story of King's plagiarism has been suppressed for one simple reason: fear—fear of the massive retaliation that will be visited upon anyone who attempts to set the historical record straight, not just on King and his dissertation but on any historical incident on which the powers that be have declared an official position. Perhaps the editors of this magazine would have been wiser had they ignored this entire matter. But evidence of a cover-up made up our minds. We have learned, for example, that high-level administrators at several major universities have attempted to suppress this story and that at least one scholar has been bullied into silence. We also wonder why the National Endowment for the Humanities, which funds the King papers project and is well aware of the charge of plagiarism, has yet to take any action.

But other academic issues are also at stake. If one can believe the stories, plagiarism is on the rise in American universities. The most noted victim of plagiarism, Stephen Nissenbaum, has remarked (*The Chronicle of Higher Education*, March 28, 1990) both upon the frequency of the crime and upon the academy's refusal to do anything about it for fear of getting involved or appearing to pass judgment. As he concludes, "To be willing to pass judgment is to protect everybody—not only those who are victimized by plagiarism, but also those who are falsely accused of it."

Then there is the reproof administered by the "ad interim" president of Boston University (see the Polemics & Exchanges section of this issue). Mr. Westling insists that scholars have "scrupulously examined and re-examined" King's dissertation without being able to identify "a single instance of plagiarism"—no "misattributed quotations," no "misleading paraphrases," and no "thoughts borrowed with-

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out due scholarly reference." He concludes his letter with this challenge: "If you or anyone else have evidence to the contrary, it should be presented." We issue a similar challenge to Mr. Westling, the editors of the King papers, and all other interested scholars: if you have any genuine evidence that might exonerate King, it should be presented.

A final comment. In their introduction to *We Shall Overcome: Martin Luther King, Jr., and the Black Freedom Struggle*, editors Peter Albert and Ronald Hoffman argue that King's legend has actually impeded the progress of civil rights in the United States. By lionizing the man, the movement has lost sight of the actual grass roots work on which success depends. This, of course, is nothing different from what Martin Luther King's best friend, the late Reverend Ralph Abernathy, had been saying all along: that the best thing King's supporters could do for themselves, for the movement, and for King is to celebrate the leader's virtues, his talents, his dreams, but not to make him into something he never was and something no man could ever be.

HISTORICAL UPDATE

Following *Chronicles'* denunciation of King's plagiarism in mid-August (Perspective, September 1990), the *Wall Street Journal* broke the story on November 9, after we had already put together the January issue. The *New York Times* then followed with its own version of the story on November 10. The editors of King's papers apparently believed the cover-up had continued for long enough.

In fact, Mr. Clayborne Carson now admits that he and some twenty other members and associates of his advisory board have known about the plagiarism for over three years, but chose to suppress the story until now. Actually Carson spoke not of "plagiarism," but of "a pattern of textual appropriation." Carson even instructed his staff members not to use "the P word," and it may have been Carson's game of semantics that led the *Journal of American History* last June to reject his article discussing King's dissertation; as the *New York Times* reported, "the journal criticized Mr. Carson's unwillingness to take a firm stand on the question of plagiarism." Carson, it will be recalled, told the London *Telegraph* in September 1989, "It's really not true [that the dissertation was plagiarized]."

Boston University's ad interim president continued to claim until the eleventh hour, as is evidenced in his October 5 letter to *Chronicles* published on page four, that the dissertation had been "scrupulously examined" and that there was "not a single instance of plagiarism." Now, after the breaking of the story, Mr. Westling reports that the issue of plagiarism merits "close scrutiny." Apparently "scrupulously examined" means something less than "close scrutiny."

Most interesting is the spin that Mr. Carson and King's apologists are putting on the facts. Mr. Carson told the *Times* that King "acted unintentionally," and Joseph Lowery, president of the Southern Christian Leadership Conference, said King merely "overlooked some footnotes." The most ingenious excuse floated by King's apologists was that somehow King mistook the academy for a pulpit and wrote his dissertation the way black preachers, by their own admission, have long written their sermons: by plagiarizing. Keith Miller, a professor of rhetoric and composition at Arizona State University, has written two academic articles and is preparing a book on the many other papers and speeches that King also plagiarized. Apparently stealing words for a speech doesn't constitute plagiarism, or even "textual appropriation." Professor Miller and others call it "voice merging."

Serious questions of academic and journalistic integrity remain as a result of the attempted cover-up. First, Clayborne Carson has consistently misrepresented the facts of the case and continues, even after having admitted the plagiarism, to distort the evidence. Mr. Luker of Emory University, the associate editor of the papers, told the *Wall Street Journal* that, in dealing with King's plagiarism, "Clayborne has to achieve a position that is politically viable in the black community, politically respectable." No statement better shows the extent to which the editors of King's papers have ceased to act as scholars and begun to think like politicians. Carson receives public funds via the National Endowment for the Humanities for his abilities as a scholar, not as a politician or a civil rights leader, and as a result of suppressing this story the publication of King's works is now 16 months behind schedule. Carson has clearly forfeited his right to be taken seriously as an editor, and if he hasn't already resigned his position, he should do so immediately, if only to restore some credibility to the project.

Second, David Garrow, a member of the project's advisory board and author of the Pulitzer Prize-winning biography of King, *Bearing the Cross*, also now admits to having known about King's plagiarism and deliberately suppressing the story. Shouldn't he give back his Pulitzer?

Third, if Jon Westling as ad interim president of Boston University was acting under his own initiative in concocting the story of King's innocence, then he is either incompetent or a liar. In either case, he should resign from the university he has disgraced. If he was acting as an agent for President John Silber, then the next move is up to Silber—who could, at the very least, strip King of his degree.

Fourth, the National Endowment for the Humanities has known about the plagiarism for over a year. Instead of coming clean with the American taxpayers, who have funded the King papers project with a reported half million dollars, the Endowment simply sat on the facts. Mrs. Cheney owes us a full explanation of the role she and the NEH played in this matter.

Finally, the time has come for a frank and open debate on the significance of the King legacy. Unfortunately, the evidence is locked up in sealed FBI files. Instead of subjecting the nation to an unending series of disclosures and scandals, the government should unseal the documents. The issue is integrity—not of Martin Luther King, but of an American regime that refuses to tell the truth.

—*T.P.*

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Great Exaggerations

by Chilton Williamson, Jr.

"Whatsoever things were written aforetime were written for our learning."
—Romans 15:4

The Death of Literature
by Alvin Kernan
New Haven and London: Yale University Press; 230 pp., $22.50

◆

By the early 1960's, conditions in America and in Europe had proceeded far enough that pundits and intellectuals on both sides of the Atlantic felt free to confirm what they referred to as "the death of God." At about the same time, a coterie of American academic literary critics, inspired by others of their kind in France, were preparing to announce "the death of literature." Since God and literature have been more or less inseparable at least as far back as the ancient Hebrew prophets, it was perhaps unsurprising that the two deaths should have been announced concurrently. On the other hand, one may wonder whether people for whom such venerable traditions as God and literature are dead may not rather be said themselves to have died in some essential part. Alvin Kernan, Avalon Professor of Humanities Emeritus at Princeton University, takes a less prophetic and more Olympian view of the matter. The God problem, first of all, does not exist for him within the context of the death of literature, the Word and works of art constructed by human beings of words being apparently unconnected in his mind at the metaphysical—or indeed at any—level. (On the one occasion Kernan does make reference to what he calls "the holy," he has in mind the events of the holocaust and its sufferings.) As for the literary problem, the "literature" that Kernan believes to be "dead" is something much more specific and limited than anything the reader, in coming to his book, likely understands. "What has passed, or is passing," Kernan writes,

Anna Mycek-Wodecki

> is the romantic and modernist literature of Wordsworth and Goethe, Valéry and Joyce, that flourished in capitalist society in the high age of print, between the mid-eighteenth century and the mid-twentieth. The death of the old literature in the grand sense, Shelley's unacknowledged legislation of the world, Arnold's timeless best that has been thought or written, Eliot's unchanging monuments of the European mind, from the rock drawings in Lascaux to *The Magic Mountain*. . . . Not so long ago at all, there seemed nothing absurd in Northrop Frye's argument in *Anatomy of Criticism* that the totality of literature formed an extensive scheme, mystical in its symbolism, but orderly in its structure, originating in the fears and desires constituting the human soul and moving through history in the form of the great literary myths, corresponding with nothing less than the seasonal cycles of the natural year.

This understanding of literature appears restrictive enough to alleviate one's sense of dis-ease, until the realization dawns that Kernan is not speaking just of Romantic and Modernist literature, which after all forms a relatively small part of the corpus of Western literary works, but of the Romantic and Modernist comprehension of that whole as well: one which, moreover, prevailed as recently as the early 1960's, when it was laid precipitate siege to by "phenomenology, structuralism, deconstruction, Freudianism, Marxism, [and] feminism" in the universities and by what Kernan calls "the hermeneutics of sus-

Chilton Williamson, Jr. is the senior editor for books at Chronicles.

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picion" in society at large. Even so, at this point the thesis of Kernan's book may seem much less dramatic than its title.

The literature that Kernan perceives to be vanishing both from the social world and from human consciousness was, in the author's words, "a historic event" that seems to pass in company with many other institutions belonging to what the historian John Lukacs has described as the "bourgeois era." This "historic event," or "social reality," was an objective complex of print technology and publishing houses, academic departments and a large reading public, nationalist loyalties and democratic dogmas, copyright law and artistic license, and the myth of the literary genius—accepted unquestioningly by the partisans of genius as well as by the genius himself. The hero, although he was in many respects a creature of bourgeois capitalist-industrialism, was from the outset at pains to affirm his alienation from it. For him the modern world of commerce, finance, and Blake's "dark satanic mills" was the enemy of mankind's intuitive life, including the afflatus that put certain prize specimens of mankind in direct touch with that life. Coleridge stated the Romantic artist's idea of himself as well or better than anyone when he identified the creative imagination as "the prime agent of all human perception, and . . . a repetition in the finite mind of the eternal act of creation in the infinite I AM."

The claim, though not necessarily excessive of itself, was certainly pregnant with the potential for what the ancient Greeks called *hubris* but which was, in the Christian context, something even worse. In the course of time, as the Romantic era passed and was succeeded by the Modernist one (Edmund Wilson, in *Axel's Castle*, demonstrated how directly the second developed from the first), the artist began to regard himself as no longer a privileged being with intuitive insight into "the infinite I AM," but rather as a necessary surrogate for Him Who no longer existed. In this way the artist consecrated himself as priest, not only of art but of the artist as well. As this happened, he acquired a church, an ecclesiastical structure, preferments, and an ecclesiastical property rivaling those of the Vicar of Christ in Rome. In other words: independent genius grew into a part of the social and intellectual establishment of Western society, thus establishing for itself that "social reality" in which its work by definition found a place, filling satisfactorily the expectations it satisfactorily created. After this—and all of a sudden—the deluge.

"They stood in line," Kernan writes of the radical literary theorists of the last thirty years, "fought for a place at the front of it, to demonstrate the meanness and emptiness of books and poems that had long been read and taught as the highest achievements of the human spirit. Humanism became a term of contempt, and the work of literature an illusion." Here, surely, we can discern the extent to which the Word and the word are ineluctably connected in the history of Western thought, the fate of each reflective of the other until the end of time. Although it is enough to mention the name T.S. Eliot to refute the idea that literary Modernism was exclusively agnostic or atheistic, still by the 1960's Western literature had been drained of its religious content to the point where its transcendental qualities offered no target at all for the new literary nihilists. All that remained of the Christian view of man was humanism, and so it was humanism that the Barthes, the Foucaults, the Terry Eagletons, and the Susan Sontags set up for ridicule. According to the deconstructionist theory, "literature" is condemnable not only for its having been chiefly produced by white Western bourgeois males seeking to exert their misbegotten power against the poor and the oppressed, but for claiming substance when it in fact has none (odd that so potent a class weapon should have been actually insubstantial!), being instead the representation of a series of receding illusions, realities infinitely deferred; while the "author" himself, so Roland Barthes has asserted, is no more than a historical idea, "formulated by and appropriate to the social beliefs of democratic, capitalist [and Christian?!] society with its emphasis on the individual."

Of course, like so much that passes for theory today, deconstruction is not criticism at all, but simply bad philosophy. It is also essentially dishonest philosophy, insofar as it secretly pays tribute to what it seeks to destroy by jealously hoping to take over the gutted traditionalist structure and refurbish the shell according to its own taste. With insight Kernan observes, "It may well be more realistic to see all these radical types of criticism that have discredited the literary texts as the last apocalyptic phase of an old literary order collapsing in on itself in a time of radical change, rather than as the bringers of a new more free and open literature." By extension, I think, it is equally realistic to see contemporary radical criticism as a reaction, in part justifiable, against the exalted moral, theoretical, and existential claims of the Modernist literature that came before it. If that is so, then the contemporary occasion identified by Kernan as "the death of literature" amounts to the canceling out, the one by the other, of two literary developments, the one immediately recent, the other relatively so. What, in that case, does this situation imply for the future—not of Kernan's "literature" but of literature itself in its broader and much more deeply historical reality?

Kernan believes that the damage done to "literature" by deconstructionist criticism is "irreversible," something that I for one doubt very much. Deconstruction is a part of that strain of nihilism that, having entered Western civilization by its philosophical trachea in the mid-19th century, has passed through its political abdomen and is presently making its way through its cultural anus. Deconstruction is more than a literary and a philosophical dead end: far worse from the standpoint of its practitioners, it is a professional dead end as well. How many times can you get contracted—and paid—for simply chanting *nada, nada, nada*? One time, surely, says it all: not even a French doctor or an American professor can elaborate forever on the idea of nothingness. Yet turning from deconstruction to all the other isms that currently piranhize the flailing bulk of literature, we must certainly concede that the politicization of every nook and cranny of contemporary life—to say nothing of its major institutions—has, for the foreseeable future at any rate, made a literary reading of literature impossible. Readers, in other words, can no longer read books as books were written to be read. Added to that fact is the probability that Western civilization has passed beyond what George Steiner has called

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the classical age of reading, whether from the Gutenberg page or from the flickering screen of the computer. A revolution in consciousness may indeed be taking place so that, as Kernan suggests, "The great changes that have come to literature in recent years in the midst of a transition from a print to an electronic culture seem to be better explained by the informational mode of change than a mechanical one."

But even if this were so, the significant question is: a revolution in *whose* consciousness? There is a sense in which all such speculation goes on at a level of statistical abstraction and, if not social, then at least intellectual irrelevancy. Kernan is mightily concerned that "literature" is preparing to drop like a rotten apple from its bough on the tree of human knowledge, and then to disintegrate in the social world. "In its place," apparently, he says, "people are [already] beginning to see 'communications,' a subject with both practical and theoretical dimensions, and considerable usefulness." But what people is he talking about? It is true that the 19th century saw the creation of adult education, lending libraries, academic departments of literature, and a mass reading public. More people read books, more people bought books, the stock of literature and of the creators of literature rose precipitously. But did the *quality* of the new literature improve? Was Shelley an artistic improvement over Marlowe? Is Mailer a refinement upon Conrad? If the disgusting commercial mess that is contemporary publishing and contemporary public education has anything to tell us, it must be that "literature," like everything else in modern democratic culture, is inherently inflationary. Literature is of necessity created by a tiny minority of human beings, and perhaps it is best that it should be read by a not greatly larger one. In his recently published memoirs, John Lukacs speculated that we may be again entering an age in which serious writers and literary artists — poets, historians, philosophers — will arrange for the printing of their own books, and for the distribution of these among a small circle of friends and interested strangers, even as the great (and no so great) commercial houses devote themselves exclusively to the production of video packages, diet books, and TV-between-covers for consumption by the Proletariat of the Western World.

In a piquant aside, Alvin Kernan notes: "Only in the Third World, Latin America, Africa, and Asia, do the novel and poetry have something like the cultural power they exercised in the West as recently as two or three generations ago." Significantly, it is in those regions of the world also that Christianity, largely discarded by the nations of the contemporary West, is currently making great advances. Among human societies where decadence has not fallen like a twilight, the structure of reality remains communicable to the people, both through imaginative writing and through the sacred texts, in which the laughable phrase "infinite deferral of reality" comes up short against the great I AM. Where the Word goes, it prepares a place for the word — and vice versa. Wherever men, no matter how few of them, seek truth, there too — as for three thousand years — is literature. ◈

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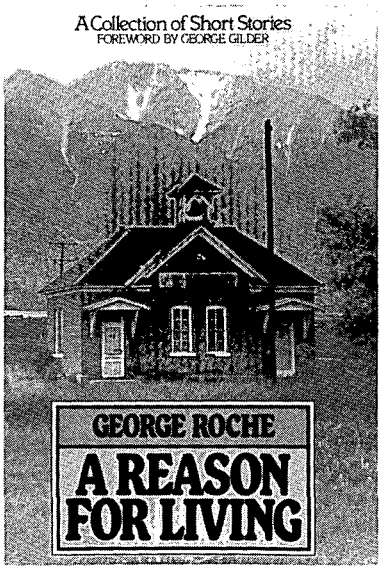

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A Province of the Republic

by J.O. Tate

"Literature is an avenue to glory ever open for those ingenious men who are deprived of honors or of wealth."

—Isaac D'Israeli

The Lytle-Tate Letters: The Correspondence of Andrew Lytle and Allen Tate
edited by Thomas Daniel Young and Elizabeth Sarcone
Jackson: University Press of Mississippi; 374 pp., $39.50

The Years of Our Friendship: Robert Lowell and Allen Tate
by William Doreski
Jackson: University Press of Mississippi; 251 pp., $30.00

◆

These volumes—one of letters, the other heavily dependent on correspondence—document and analyze, respectively, episodes of American literary history that feature three brilliant personalities. These volumes will surely attract readers on that basis, for there is an element of celebrity, of controversy and gossip, attaching to the names of Allen Tate and Robert Lowell, and even to Andrew Lytle's name. Beyond that level, however, there is substance to be gleaned, and lessons learned. These volumes are in their different ways instructive, entertaining, and chastening. I find them above all both uplifting and deflating; for when I am not buoyed by their contents, I am cast down by comparisons with the literary scene of today.

The letters between Andrew Lytle and Allen Tate are in effect the body of over forty years (1927-1968) of literary and cultural comradeship. Their association as Agrarians, famously expressed in *I'll Take My Stand* (1930), is here documented expansively as a shared point of view rather than the particular political position that would be presently construed. That viewpoint distinguished Allen Tate (1899-1979) from most of his contemporaries, and it still distinguishes Andrew Lytle—perhaps the most remarkable of living American writers—today. Tate the poet moved from a tense historical awareness and satirical tone to a Dantesque mode before the muse deserted him. Lytle the storyteller is still spinning yarns and narrating myths and histories. Both of them have left some of the best criticism there is, work fortified by a perspective they shared and that exempted them from the dogmas of modern secular liberalism.

This point of view was not a provincial but rather a regional one of historical depth and sophistication. The level at which Lytle and Tate thought, the terms of their discourse, must today give us pause. Far from being partisan or from embodying the grotesque clichés formulated by New York and Hollywood, the communings of their letters show a standard of apprehension we are hard-pressed to find the like of today. An example is Lytle's response to Tate's imposing novel, *The Fathers* (1938), a work notable in the history of American literature and a great work

J.O. Tate is a professor of English at Dowling College on Long Island.

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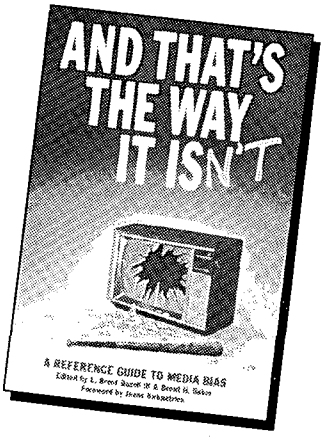

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about American history. Another is Tate's response to Lytle's drafts of *The Velvet Horn* (1957), a powerful masterwork with as many affinities to *Paradise Lost* as to *Absalom, Absalom!* Here, in a December 23, 1954, letter to Lytle, Tate digresses to a meditation on "society" in a way that leaves the technique of fiction behind—but not the ultimate concern of the novel, nor of two aging Agrarians.

> The society comes into fictional being only as a quality of character and action, not as an end in itself. I can deliver myself of this wisdom because I have been and still am to a great extent the victim of its lack. It has occurred to me in recent years, in retrospect upon our early days, that we made the South, and especially the Old South, an object of idolatry, in the strict sense of the word: we were worshiping a "perishable god." I have come to the view that no society is worth saving *as such*: what we must save is the truth of God and Man, and the right society follows. We thought that the South was a historical problem; it was actually a theological problem. . . . Place in itself is nothing . . . "place" does not sustain us; we sustain place, and through it nature will give back to us only what we have put into it.

Lytle's reply picks up the argument at the crucial point, in a statement that we rehearse today though in other terms:

> I don't see how you can save the truth of God and man except in terms of the conventions of some society. You might have a private salvation, but we were born at such a time and were formed by conventions whose fragmentations had not reached such a stage of dissolution as they have now. They had meaning. Indeed there would have been no Oedipus without an ordered state, and certainly no Antigone without Creon. Naturally religious belief is the spiritual core, but theology isn't the only discipline.

But the letters exchanged by Lytle and Tate are also practical, affectionate, humble, and provisional. Often they concern politics in the small sense, money, marriage, family, health, travel arrangements. Finally they are the letters of "Brothers"—as each man called the other—who quit corresponding because they had finally managed to live so near to each other that they had no need for letters.

The letters tell the story of a literary friendship that was richly productive; of the personal lives of two remarkable men; of the evolution of Southern literature in the minds of two of its most formidable creators; and of the struggle in the 20th century of serious writers to survive. The struggle for money, the adjustments for the sake of family, the agonies of creation, and the reception of these writers by the academy—all anticipate the present day, but without the tone. The collapse of American independence in the global suction of the Second World War and the Cold War, as well as the collapse of civility in the 1960's into what is today an encoded package of non-manners, non-speech, "civil rights," and sundry other barbarities, is a world away from the mannerly style of Tate and Lytle. (Yet Norman Mailer complimented Tate for his testimony when Hubert Selby, Jr.'s "Tra-la-la" was on trial for obscenity in Provincetown.) Still I find a grim amusement in Allen Tate's account of how he tried to deal with an irresponsible stepson: "We simply can't get through to him. For example, he read this winter *The Portrait of the Artist*, and identified himself with Stephen Dedalus. I reminded him that when Dedalus, at the end of the book, left to 'forge the conscience of his race,' he knew Latin and Greek, and six modern languages. This made no impression at all." When we consider who is talking, that's quite a generational and cultural gap, but one much elevated from the ones we know now.

Allen Tate shows himself again as the man of letters and literary friend in Professor Doreski's study of his relationship with Robert Lowell. The young Robert Lowell was told by the Tates in 1937 that their house was so full he'd have to pitch a tent on the lawn

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to stay. Lowell took them at their word, later studied with John Crowe Ransom, and began his career as a poet and a protégé of Allen Tate. The relations of these two suffered, as all of Lowell's did, from his bouts with mental illness. But the relation endured and prospered as well, in the form of Lowell's work. Sadly enough, the younger poet did not outlive his master.

I suppose that the best part of Doreski's volume is his tracing of the relationships between Tate's poetry and Lowell's. His pages on Lowell's *For the Union Dead* and its status as a transformation of Tate's *Ode to the Confederate Dead* is effective and compact. Less interesting, I think, are his recollections of quarrels and misunderstandings and resentments that are ephemera once important to the people who felt them but too often of little importance to others who don't. And there is an irony in the friendship of Tate and Lowell that slips away in Doreski's book, but which is that Lowell's self-indulgences both personal and poetic were the opposite of the values Tate stood for.

There are some passages in Doreski's volume that are open to question. I wouldn't say that the opening lines of Tate's poem "Aeneas in Washington" "strike an archaic note," but rather that they translate lines of Vergil. I don't like either Doreski's description of the postwar atmosphere:

> The McCarthyism of the late 1940s and early 1950s voiced a gnawing desperation in American society. Uncertain of our place in an increasingly complex world, threatened by an ideology as often misunderstood by its adherents as its opponents, Americans grew even more suspicious of difference and eccentricity, and the arts either became blandly ritualistic or withdrew into an underground that made the separation of culture from society a virtue. The characteristic verse of the early 1950s was Richard Wilbur's elegant, insightful, but remote and somehow unchallenging formal constructs.

This view of those days trivializes history by dismissing the texture of it, and does nothing to advance the account of a literary relationship.

Nevertheless, Doreski's book on Tate and Lowell is a useful one. It is a pleasure to dwell in the mental universe of people to whom poetry meant everything, and often Doreski succeeds in portraying such a world.

That world was, both literally and figuratively, a province of the Republic of Letters. Allen Tate's correspondence with Robert Lowell as well as his political and social, not to mention poetic, presence were major factors in Lowell's life. These volumes, then, join *The Literary Correspondences of Donald Davidson and Allen Tate* (1974) and *The Republic of Letters in America: The Correspondence of John Peale Bishop and Allen Tate* (1981) as impressive remainders of passionately literary communication and culture. These volumes too remind us of Allen Tate's centrality, his indispensability, his strenuously maintained engagement with literary modernism and the 20th century. The literary scene today is not graced by the equivalent attitude, erudition, or generosity, though Andrew Lytle still writes, both a survivor and a beneficiary of a better world. His deep historical sense represents the culture of the best minds of his generation; but he has always been, like Allen Tate, an exception.

GREAT TOPICS, GREAT ISSUES

Rebirth of a Nation — July 1990 — Jacob Neusner, John Lukacs, Lawrence Uzzell, Daniel Stein, Donald Devine, and Richard Lamm on the pros and cons of immigration; Katherine Dalton on British journalists in America, and Donald Huddle on the immigration studies of Julian Simon and George Borjas. Plus Russell Kirk on Richard Nixon, M.E. Bradford on LBJ, and Kenneth McDonald on Canada's troublesome Quebec.

Restoring the Earth —August 1990 — Edward O. Wilson on how intelligent development can save the environment, William Jordan on restorationism, John Baden on the U.S. Forest Service, and Frederick Turner on natural technology. Plus Thomas Fleming on Earth Day, Chilton Williamson on Joseph Wood Krutch, Michael Warder on Valentin Rasputin, and Kenneth McDonald on the politics of acid rain in Canada.

Vandals in the Academy —September 1990 — E.D. Hirsch on the importance of *lower* education, Elizabeth Fox-Genovese on women's studies, Paul Gottfried on the politics of teaching humanities, and Thomas Molnar on our scrapbook approach to cultural literacy. Plus J.O. Tate on *Tenured Radicals*, E. Christian Kopff on Paul de Man, Leon T. Hadar on the *intifada*, and O.B. Hardison on the Stratford Shakespearean Festival in Ontario.

Family Liberation — October 1990 — Edwin West on restoring family autonomy in education, Leonard Liggio on how the Total State undermines both family and religion, John Wauck on Allan Carlson's *The Swedish Experiment in Family Politics*, and Thomas Fleming on how moral regulation is a sure sign of state despotism. Plus Anne Marie Morgan on abortion and parental consent, and David Slavitt on *Dick Tracy*.

American Nationalism and the Global Village — November 1990 — Clyde Wilson on American nationalism, Samuel Francis on race and group identity in the "new nationalism," and Theodore Pappas on the national service debate. Plus James Bond Stockdale on the tragedy of Vietnam, William Hawkins on international trade and protectionism, and R. Cort Kirkwood on the congressional fight for more extensive identification papers.

Good News — December 1990 — Eight reasons why things aren't as bad as you think: by George Garrett, E. Christian Kopff, Chilton Williamson Jr., Jane Greer, Odie B. Faulk, Harold O.J. Brown, John Shelton Reed, and Janet Scott Barlow. Plus arguments for happiness from Thomas Fleming and Katherine Dalton, George Core on George Garrett's Christopher Marlowe novel, and Murray Rothbard on Thomas Sowell's "affirmative scholarship."

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O Canada

by Allan Carlson

The Trouble With Canada: A Citizen Speaks Out
by William D. Gairdner
Toronto: Stoddart Publishing Company; 448 pp., $29.95

◆

If the fuss over Canada's Meech Lake Accords has you confused, William Gairdner's *The Trouble With Canada* is a fine place to turn to. The book is a solid personal jeremiad against the egalitarian evils taking root in Canada, and the spineless politicians who make it possible.

Gairdner fits the conflict over Quebec into this broader fabric of war against public order and decency. He gives thoughtful attention to subjects ranging from the follies of Canadian welfare policy to his government's corruption of sport, always driving back to the perils behind the pursuit of equality. Globalist dreams by Ottawa's *apparatchiks* also receive frequent fire as Gairdner indicts the political elites striving to submerge Canadian identity into an internationalist utopia.

Often in making his case the author cites familiar American names such as Gilder, Friedman, Murray, and Novak. This use of American writers may explain his over-reliance on the phrase "democratic capitalism," where the phrases "republican," "federal," and "market economy" would better describe the clear intent of his political and economic programs. He draws to better effect on Peter Brimelow's important book on Canadian affairs, *The Patriot Game*, published in 1986. Yet Citizen Gairdner is strongest when he follows his own instincts and personal sources to shape a commonsensical response to Canada's grievous problems.

His chapter "The Silent Destruction of English Canada" is exemplary. Here he tackles the knotty matters of multiculturalism, bilingualism, and immigration in a disarmingly practical way. Behind these three issues, he identifies a common goal: "to replace all natural cultures with the idealistic, artificial, bureaucratic culture of the State itself." Multiculturalism, he says, is a calculated political program to destroy the natural common denominators that held Canadians together for three centuries. Official bilingualism, meanwhile, has dismembered the common social fabric of the country, energized a "language police" to monitor and punish those who violate bilingual laws, and effectively made the Francophone minority the new governing elite.

Concerning immigration policy, Gairdner laments that massive changes in immigration law in 1967 occurred without democratic sanction, changes that he says are fundamentally altering the Canadian identity. He details the appalling abuses to which Canada's "point system," refugee program, and family reunification plan have been subjected. For example, he tells the tale of Harbhajan Singh Pandori, who emigrated to Canada in 1970, and over the next seventeen years brought in 70 family members under the "reunification" project. Not surprisingly, New Delhi, India, has become Canada's largest immigration post, while consulates have been closed in Birmingham and Perth, and cut back in London.

The question, Gairdner says, "has nothing to do with admiring deserving immigrants" and "everything to do with the people's fear of losing their connection with the familiar." This is not "discrimination," he says, but rather the natural desire to give preference to the known; in Canada's case, to immigrants from the historic source countries of Great Britain, Ireland, the United States, Australia, and New Zealand. As he explains: "The human fears about continuity, similarity, and cultural comfort are the same for all peoples. For everyone affiliates backward, so to speak, with his own history and culture, not forward to an unknown, faceless, and confusing future."

In short, Gairdner refuses to apologize for loving the land of his fathers. If more people are needed in Canada, he urges development of "a pro family, tax-relief-based, 'made in Canada' incentive to encourage young Canadians to have larger families." If that fails, he calls "at least" for the government to show the good sense "to attract immigrants who are compatible with our core culture in every way possible, and if not, then at least willing to assimilate to it."

On every issue he touches, Gairdner offers practical, levelheaded responses, ranging from the defunding of official state feminists to a compelling program of economic reform. He has particular affection for the Swiss system of governance, and proposes a devolution of power in Canada back to the provinces and greater use of referenda and initiatives to break the stranglehold of national politicians cast in the Trudeau-Mulroney mold. If it's not already too late, Gairdner's agenda could just salvage the faltering frame of the Canadian nation-state.

Allan Carlson is president of The Rockford Institute, and publisher of Chronicles.

Phonic Booms

by James B. Graves

Forked Tongue: The Politics of Bilingual Education
by Rosalie Pedalino Porter
New York: Basic Books; 285 pp., $22.95

◆

In *Forked Tongue*, her important new public policy study-*cum*-exposé whose proposals seem as likely to create new problems as to solve some old ones, Rosalie Pedalino Porter doesn't get down to root causes. That is, she nowhere notes that when activist judges create new opportunities for turf-hungry bureaucrats the result is similar to what it is in this case: a scam peddled under the studiously falsified label of Transitional Bilingual Education.

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TBE is something that was developed to comply with a 1973 U.S. Supreme Court mandate requiring school districts receiving federal funds to provide special instruction to help immigrant children learn English as quickly as possible—another of those "rights" the justices have claimed to detect lurking in some "penumbra" befogging our Constitution.

But, if you can, lay aside for the time being Constitutional considerations. What flags you to question Rosalie Porter's tacit presumption of a need for TBE in the first place is the acknowledgement by this daughter of Italian immigrants that she herself received no special help in acquiring the idiomatic English that fills her pages: she learned it in a first-grade classroom in New Jersey, by the old sink-or-swim method by which so many millions of other non-Anglophone children were plunged into all-English classrooms and were quickly acculturated to America. (Pardon me for wondering what's wrong with something that swam so well, without courts and the special outlays now totaling over $1 billion each year.) In any case, Transitional Bilingual Education is supposed to provide non-Anglophones with classroom instruction both in their native language and in English, the mother tongue being gradually phased out over three years as their English is perfected. Today it enrolls children speaking 145 different tongues, predominantly the Spanish one.

In practice, Porter shows, these children are exposed to as little English as possible—in order to prolong their time in the TBE programs. The scandal is that youngsters who can't make change in English are made to concentrate endlessly on things like Caribbean folklore presented in Spanish. Never mind that students not acquiring English tend to become early dropouts and soon find themselves on welfare rolls and in jail in alarming numbers; and overlook the impressive numbers of immigrant (mainly Asian) parents who move out of school districts where the bilingual programs are in place in order to assure that their children learn English. Forget about, for that matter, a survey released (after *Forked Tongue* appeared) in August by the Institute on English Acquisition and Research. It shows that just 10.1 percent of Spanish-speakers in America list perfection of Spanish among the three most important goals they cherish for their children's education. And only a minuscule 0.6 percent say they want schools to transmit their ethnic heritage to their offspring.

So what energizes a program that nobody wants? Actually, a few do want it. Porter documents that the bilingual powers-that-be in the teacher colleges and state education departments (mostly Hispanics, it happens, who make no effort to conceal their habit of barring *gringos* from their field) also happen to be chauvinistic ideologues determined to keep children out of the Anglo mainstream. Their practice of expanding the TBE rolls by deliberately retarding students likewise expands the cash, scholarships, and jobs these self-servers dispense. So they take pains to keep the bilingual curricula both radical and impractical. And they're careful to restrict certification to teach in the bilingual classrooms to their (often scandalously incompetent) protégés. It's nice work if you can get it, and if you're totally without scruples.

Since Spanish happens to be Porter's own specialty, she has an inside track for going after this gang. Her common sense conclusions, acquired by hands-on experience and (as we learn in chapters three through five) the voluminous research she has mastered on bilingual education in the United States and abroad, confirm this: to assure rapid acquisition of a foreign language, you give non-speakers all you can of that tongue, and in a hurry. (Pardon me again, but doesn't this resemble sink-or-swim?)

In the Bilingual and English as a Second Language Program she directs in Newton, Massachusetts, for example, Porter's students are immersed in English. Quickly mastering it, they are routed into regular classes, where they subsequently tend to become able students and even show a percentage of college enrollment that exceeds the national average. Another result is that students receiving intensive foreign-language immersion lose nothing whatever of proficiency in their native tongue, thus exploding one of the biggest arguments used by the ideologues to attack Porter's method.

Rosalie Porter holds a doctorate in her field and worked for a time in William Bennett's Department of Education. She appears, moreover, to be among those legions of liberals who have of late been partially mugged by realities liberalism has generated. In her case the mugging was perpetrated by doctrinaires in the Massachusetts Department of Education trying to protect their stranglehold on TBE, first by attempting to block the awarding of the advanced degree Porter had earned, and later by issuing a transparently doctored audit branding her program at Newton a failure. The latter move enabled this gang to cut off (temporarily) her state funding. It was unwise of them. The lady has fought back ever since, exposing the bilingual bosses in Massachusetts and across America for the false educators they are. *Forked Tongue* is designed, among other things, to smite them hip and thigh. They deserve it. To her enemies, Porter's unpardonable sin has been to help children learn English.

But the writer's determination to appear everywhere moderate and practical ought not to lull the reader into imagining she is the nonideological creature she presents herself to be. This warm, earnest Rosalie Porter emerges from her pages as your old-fashioned statist: anti-radical to be sure, but a statist all the same. One, for instance, who doesn't hesitate—in the latter part of her book, where she aspires to philosophy—to invoke the authority of old Horace Mann, John Dewey, Gunnar Myrdal, and allied social engineers; and to put forward a vision for education that would lead America towards *democracy* and *equality*—very different from the Framers' ideals of *republicanism* and *freedom*.

Finally, Porter's position on initiatives to establish English as our official language is . . . forked. Early in the book she attacks proponents of this proposal with the usual left-of-center aspersions; then, in chapter seven, she in effect acknowledges that an English-as-the-official-language amendment would square with her own anti-radical position. After having said this, Porter turns around and again tars its backers—thus, I take it, reassuring her friends she's still one of them.

James B. Graves is a former classics professor who edits Lookout, *the national pro-family newsletter.*

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The Thought of the Constitution

by Michael Lind

Confronting the Constitution
Edited by Allan Bloom
Washington, D.C.: The American Enterprise Institute for Public Policy; 564 pp., $24.95

◆

In their program "A Decade of Study of the Constitution," Robert A. Goldwin and his collaborators at the American Enterprise Institute have consistently published the most readable and stimulating discussions of contemporary constitutional issues to have appeared in America. The virtues of previous AEI books such as *How Democratic is the Constitution?* are embodied, on a larger scale, in a new collection of essays edited by Allan Bloom, *Confronting the Constitution*, which takes the form of a theological disputation where the orthodoxy being defended is "the thought of the Constitution," or, more precisely, the philosophical beliefs and social structures supposedly implicit in the early American version of liberal democracy.

Heresies against the Constitution include Utilitarianism, Marxism, Idealism, Historicism, and other Isms which, Bloom asserts in a brilliant if not entirely persuasive essay, are offshoots of Rousseau-ism: "In essence, Rousseau's bourgeois is identical to Locke's rational and industrious man . . . [who] might be an instrument of stability, but the cost of relying on him is human dignity. This contrast between two ways of seeing the central actor in modernity summarizes the continuous political debate of the past two centuries." Bloom notes that, with one exception, "All of the contributors to this book are . . . students of, or students of students of, Leo Strauss," a German émigré scholar who "reinterested us in America by teaching us how to read our country's political texts and demonstrating how wise they are." Very Straussian is Bloom's distinction between classic Lockean liberal democracy and modern ideologies (for Strauss, Machiavelli rather than Rousseau was the evil thinker who separated the "ancients" from the "moderns"). Also characteristically Straussian is the tendency to treat politicians and historical events as epiphenomena of political theory. As Bloom says, "Bacon, Locke, and Montesquieu are worthy interlocutors—on the level of Kant, Hegel, Marx and Nietzsche, who inspired less impressive political achievements." If you mentally added, "such as those of Hitler, Stalin and Pol Pot" to the last line, you win an A in the Straussian school of esoteric reading.

As a rule the essays in *Confronting the Constitution* are thorough and scholarly. Thomas L. Pangle and David F. Epstein have contributed good discussions of "The Philosophic Understanding of Human Nature Informing the Constitution" and "The Political Theory of the Constitution," respectively. The sections on post-Lockean philosophies are less impressive. Harvey C. Mansfield, Jr., the champion of extra-constitutional executive prerogative, engages in a rambling and incoherent attack on a straw man he calls Social Science. One wonders why chapters on the existentialists, Freud, and the trio of Rawls, Dworkin, and Nozick were included at all, particularly since this meant less space went to the important alternatives to Lockean liberalism—Utilitarianism, Idealism, and Historicism.

Susan Shell's too-brief and muddied account of the German idealist tradition of Kant, Fichte, and Hegel fails to meet the standard set by Bloom in his own essay on Rousseau. A certain lack of moral discrimination and historical distance is evident in her praise of "what Abraham Lincoln once called our 'political religion,' the core beliefs that constitute us as a country and as a nation," and in her criticism of the "fanatical nationalism" of the Mexican War. (Who was more "fanatical"—President Polk, who secured Texas against recurrent Mexican invasions and gained the Southwest in a limited war ending in a negotiated settlement, or President Lincoln, who invoked a mystical "Union" and drenched the continent in blood while refusing to negotiate with the South?) The absence of a thorough and serious discussion of Idealism is a pity, because it is the idealist conception of communitarian national democracy, not Lockean liberal democracy, which inspired the "Springtime of Nations" in Europe in 1989.

The Idealist tradition, it might be added, could provide American conservatism with a firmer intellectual basis than the inanities of natural-rights and social-contract doctrine, or the sonorities of Burkeanism. Such a suggestion, of course, would horrify Straussians, whose definition of America as a purely voluntary society united by rational assent to a few 18th-century Whig dogmas better describes a club rather than any flesh-and-blood country, including America, yesterday and today. Bloom, with others of his school, finds it difficult to distinguish healthy subphilosophical patriotism from throne-and-altar reaction and xenophobic fascism: "The genius of this country—which cannot and does not wish to treat its citizens like plants rooted in its soil—has consisted in a citizenship that permits reflection on one's own interest and a calm recognition that it is satisfied by this regime." Is it "reflection on one's own interest" rather than "the instinctive and unquestioning love of our own" that motivates our troops in Saudi Arabia? Bloom writes of such watery commitment, "This is the peculiarly American form of patriotism." Actually, it is a form of patriotism most Americans find peculiar.

This completely abstract definition of American identity, empty of everything historic, cultural, and contingent which makes the United States more than a test case for a hypothesis of 18th-century intellectuals, is what separates conservatives from Straussians (and libertarians). Either there is an American nation, above and beyond mere frames of government and "political religions," or there is not. If there is an American nation, then constitutional questions take second place to questions of cultural and social identity. If there is not an American nation, merely an American government, then a clever constitution and elaborate political ideology will not prevent American society from collapsing into racial, religious, regional, and class Balkanization. Straussians believe that the "thought of the Constitution" is all that ultimately holds the United States together. Conservatives fear that they may be correct.

Michael Lind writes from Washington, D.C.

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Power and Ideology

by Paul Gottfried

The Soviet Union, the Communist Movement, and the World: Prelude to the Cold War, 1917-1941

by Alan J. Levine

New York, Westport, and London: Praeger; 203 pp., $37.95

◆

Alan J. Levine explores the relations of the Soviet Union with both Asia and the West, from the Bolshevik Revolution through the Nazi-Soviet Pact. From the title and from the author's biographical notes, it is apparent that this volume is intended as an attempt at understanding the Cold War. In fact, Levine has already concluded the sequel to this book, which I for one look forward to seeing in print. Having been familiar with his interpretation of Soviet foreign policy from the time I was made a reader of his doctoral dissertation, I am still in awe of the factual thoroughness and rigorous argument that he brings to bear on his subject. Levine has read all available secondary works, and used whatever original documents were accessible in the United States.

Even so, what is most significant about his work on the Soviet Union is neither his thoroughness nor his painful digesting of endless monographs, including Stalinoid revisionist defenses of the Sovietization of Eastern Europe. Rather, Levine's greatest talent is in making sense of the foreign policy of Churchill's "enigma wrapped in a riddle." He has weighed all the standard interpretations of Soviet behavior toward other countries, from George Kennan's and Richard Pipe's emphases on Russian national character, through Stefan Possony's picture of demonic Communist expansion, to the desperate attempts by the American and European left to depict the Soviets as a perpetually beleaguered power. Levine believes that the Soviets have been too aggressive towards their neighbors, and too ruthlessly determined to impose their political-economic system even on friendly occupied countries, to be described as merely defensive in their actions. During the time in which the Nazi-Soviet Pact of 1939 (which Stalin had sought since 1933) was in effect, and after helping to bring Hitler to power through the German Communists, the Soviets slaughtered as many Poles in their occupied area as the German Nazis did in theirs.

Levine is reluctant to speak of the Soviet Union as an extension of the pre-revolutionary czarist regime; he insists on viewing that government as one with self-imposed geopolitical limits. Though affected by nationalist and imperialist currents, czarist Russia at the beginning of the century was interested not in world control but in absorbing contiguous regions and in Russianizing subject minorities. Levine also stresses the liberalizing tendencies operative in the imperial government in the wake of the Russo-Japanese War of 1905. Looking at the establishment of a Russian parliament (the Duma), the legalization of political parties (including the Bolsheviks), and the land reforms begun by the Russian statesman P.A. Stolypin in 1905, Levine concludes: "Had peacetime economic development and the reforms instituted after 1905 continued undisturbed for two decades, Russia might have peacefully become an industrial constitutional monarchy."

Levine takes a relatively favorable view of Russian internal development on the eve of the First World War, and a relatively negative one of the democratic leftist provisional regime from which the Bolsheviks took over in November 1917. His attitude is certainly not that of the sentimental czarist but rather that of the clearheaded historian. Formerly a student of William Blackwell, the Russian economic historian, Levine accepts Blackwell's documented thesis that Russian economic modernization, particularly the development of heavy industry, was well underway by 1914. Yes, the czarist regime struck out sporadically against Jews and other minorities, but it was also accepting by then a new political and social order: one in which the growing middle class and a landed peasantry would hold the cards.

Russia's ill-advised entry into the First World War set into motion a chain of events that brought revolution and economic, as well as political, disaster. The provisional government, brought to power by the first upheaval in March 1917, set the stage for the second upheaval that brought the Communists to power in November.

Its moderate socialist prime minister, Alexander Kerensky, panicked, on the basis of questionable rumors, over an alleged plot led by Army commander-in-chief Lavr Kornilov. Kerensky called upon all forces of the left to save his government and allied himself with Bolshevik conspirators against right-center constitutionalists. Lenin and other Bolsheviks then dispensed with Kerensky in the mopping-up action known as the "October Revolution."

Levine, in the end, comes down on the side of those who interpret modern Soviet expansion in terms of Marxist dogma. But he does qualify what in other hands might be served up as an anticommunist *plat du jour*. Thus, Levine never denies that Lenin and Stalin were interested in "the reconquest of the Russian Empire." Having surrendered considerable territory — which the Allies did not return — to the occupying German armies in 1917 and 1918, Russian leaders were understandably concerned with retrieving lost land. They also appealed to nationalist feelings among the Russians and among divided neighboring peoples whose territory they coveted. Despite its apparent incompatibility with Marxist internationalism, nationalism was a tool that the Soviets discovered long before Hitler attacked the "Russian motherland."

But Levine also stresses the application of an expanding body of Marxist-Leninist teaching to the expansionist aims of the Soviet Union. His pointed references to Lenin's writings during the First World War are designed to show the conceptual foundation for an expanding Soviet state. Fighting capitalist imperialism, mobilizing socialists and socialist peoples against bourgeois societies, and waging wars of popular liberation provided the Leninist justification for the export of the Soviet experiment and of Soviet armies. Levine does not claim that Lenin's interpretation of Marxist revolutionary practices was the sole or perpetually overriding force behind Soviet aggression. Rather, he seems to suggest that it was a *leitmotiv* that could be and was invoked by aggressive Soviet leaders, who at least half-believed in Marxism-Leninism. This *leitmotiv* was also available to gull those who allowed themselves to be fooled: for example, Westerners who believed that the

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Soviets were fighting for democratic socialist internationalism during the Spanish Civil War, when Stalin used that conflict as a smokescreen to negotiate with the Nazis while finishing off dissident socialists in Spain and Russia.

Levine's treatment of Marxism-Leninism also serves as a bridge toward understanding Stalinism. Levine takes seriously Stalin's argument about the need to "establish socialism in one country" in preparation for its armed spread. He reviews this line of thinking in *Problems of Leninism*, which was intended as Stalin's gloss on Marxist-Leninist doctrine. Though Stalin's views were "not original," Levine points out, they were in keeping with Lenin's interpretation of Marxism. Lenin had already defended Russia as the "nation of workers and peasants" and accorded a special role to intellectuals and administrators as the vanguard of the working-class movement. And though Stalin further emphasized these features of Leninism, he never abandoned the vision of world revolution. Contrary to the charges made by Leon Trotsky and other dissident Marxists-Leninists, the Stalinist scheme justified "socialism in one country" only as a precondition for socialism on a global scale. Through this explanation of Stalinist doctrine, Levine anticipates the theme of his second volume, the Soviet "liberation" of Eastern Europe after the Second World War. There he will continue his study of the interplay of power and ideology.

Paul Gottfried is a professor of humanities at Elizabethtown College in Pennsylvania.

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by William H. Nolte

Darkness Visible: A Memoir of Madness
by William Styron
New York: Random House;
96 pp., $15.95

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In this little "Memoir of Madness," first delivered in abbreviated form at a symposium on affective disorders sponsored by the Department of Psychiatry of The Johns Hopkins University School of Medicine, and then greatly expanded for publication in *Vanity Fair*, William Styron recounts, and attempts to account for, his descent into a mental depression that led him to the brink of suicide. What finally enabled him to escape his life-threatening despair is never, almost needless to say, made clear; he just somehow lived through the depression, aided to be sure by the solicitude of family and friends, and by a seven-week stay in the hospital. Although he confesses that the Group Therapy in the hospital did nothing more than make him seethe, "possibly because it was supervised by an odiously smug young shrink, with a spade-shaped beard," it probably did him no harm. And although the "organized infantilism" of the Art Therapy sessions seemed to him little better, they probably helped him regain his sense of comedy. It is, more than anything else, that sense of comedy or humor, as H.L. Mencken once noted, that keeps a reflective and skeptical man alive. In any case, Styron outlived his depression (or Melancholia, as he prefers to call it), and near the end of his hospitalization had his "first dream in many months, confused but to this day imperishable, with a flute in it somewhere, and a wild goose, and a dancing girl."

Styron dates the onset of his illness from the time when he discovered that the least amount of alcohol, even a mouthful of wine, caused him "nausea, a desperate and unpleasant wooziness, a sinking sensation and ultimately a distinct revulsion." But that is not to say that his deprivation from alcohol was the cause of the depression; it may just as well have been an effect, since by that time he had begun to suffer from insomnia and, concurrently, from the tranquilizers that had been prescribed to relieve him from that malady. He notes, incidentally, that his drug-induced sleep was invariably dreamless — hence, the great sense of relief when he began to dream again.

In his effort to explain what is apparently inexplicable he posits other possible causes. Perhaps he had been floored by his turning 60, "that hulking milestone of mortality," a temporal marker that coincided with his malaise. Or was it the vague dissatisfaction with the way his work was going, stronger during that period than ever before? He finally concludes that his morbid condition had its origin much earlier, that it was in fact genetic in nature; his father, he recalls, had "battled the gorgon for much of his lifetime." But, not quite content with that either, he believes an even more significant factor was the death of his mother when he was 13, too young to achieve the "catharsis of grief," and thus doomed to carry with him the burden of rage and guilt, "potential seeds of self-destruction."

But then all such suppositions are mere guesses, and not very convincing guesses at that. I can of course understand and sympathize with Styron's effort to comprehend his "madness," nor do I dispute his contention, stated earlier on in the essay, that in its extreme form depression *is* madness and that it "results from an aberrant biochemical process." But I seriously doubt that we know, or can know, any more than we have ever known before about what actually triggers the aberration. In one of several poems she wrote on the affliction, Emily Dickinson hypostatized despair as "that White Sustenance," and in "There's a certain Slant of light" she most memorably calls it "An imperial affliction / Sent us of the Air" — in effect admitting that it comes from we know not where, and then departs in equally mysterious fashion:

> When it comes, the Landscape listens —
> Shadows — hold their breath —
> When it goes, 'tis like the Distance
> On the look of Death —

The despair described by Dickinson is

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but a step removed from the "cosmic loneliness" of Meursault, the hero of Albert Camus' *The Stranger*, a novel that haunted Styron, he tells us, even though he did not read it until he was in his 30's. I find it interesting that when he set out to write *The Confessions of Nat Turner*, his best novel it seems to me, he employed Camus' "device of having the story flow from the point of view of a narrator isolated in his jail cell during the hours before his execution." Styron prefaces his commentary on various writers, some of them personal friends, whose despair ended in suicide by quoting Camus' famous, and for me quite puzzling, pronouncement at the beginning of *The Myth of Sisyphus*: "There is but one truly serious philosophical problem, and that is suicide. Judging whether life is or is not worth living amounts to answering the fundamental question of philosophy." Such a statement doubtless seems silly to the majority of people, and not just ordinary people either—that is, to all those who are happily free of any such pondering, or else have decided that such teleological concerns are too far removed from our diurnal affairs to have much meaning or importance. After all, one may decide, as great multitudes of people no doubt have decided, that it matters little whether life has any meaning or not; one still gets on with the business of living. Besides, there's a good deal of truth in Freud's remark that when one inquires about the sense or value of life, one is sick. But now I'm going in a circle. Styron's essay, after all, is about sickness—the sickness called despair. To be sure, most people who periodically suffer from extreme depression survive the pain, apparently none the worse for their experience. Many of those unable to escape its clutch destroy themselves—ironically in self-defense, as it were.

As a piece of writing, *Darkness Visible* contains all the woodnotes and the autumnal color one has learned to expect from its author. If a few passages reveal an unwonted kinship—stylistically, that is—to his fellow Virginian E.A. Poe, they are nonetheless in keeping with the subject of his discourse. For example, the following commentary on the perverse trick played on him by alcohol, which had for years acted as a shield against anxiety, might have been forged in Poe's Gothic workshop: "Suddenly vanished, the great ally which for so long had kept my demons at bay was no longer there to prevent those demons from beginning to swarm through the subconscious, and I was emotionally naked, vulnerable as I had never been before. Doubtless depression had hovered near me for years, waiting to swoop down. Now I was in the first stage—premonitory, like a flicker of sheet lightning barely perceived—of depression's black tempest." Another example, this the opening sentence of the essay: "In Paris on a chilly evening late in October of 1985 I first became fully aware that the struggle with the disorder in my mind—a struggle which had engaged me for several months—might have a fatal outcome." And off we go on this fascinating tour of darkness.

William H. Nolte is a professor of English at the University of South Carolina in Columbia.

The Trail of the Bear

by Gregory McNamee

Grizzly Years
by Douglas Peacock
New York: Henry Holt;
320 pp., $22.95

◆

Like many of his generation, Theodore Roosevelt had a fondness for trekking into wild places and, while taking in the sights, shooting the large game he found. He was especially fond of hunting bears. Doing so, he recounted in *Ranch Life and the Hunting-Trail*, heightened his appreciation for his own mortality, and it made him feel pretty good in the bargain. The stuffed Montana grizzly Roosevelt kept in the White House watched over him through frequent rough times, a talisman to remind him of the America he loved, far from the metropolis.

An enterprising manufacturer

BRIEF MENTIONS

PRESTON STURGES by Preston Sturges, adapted and edited by Sandy Sturges
New York: Simon & Schuster, 352 pp., $22.95

Some of the great comedies of the 40's came from the pen of writer/director Preston Sturges: *The Lady Eve, The Palm Beach Story, Sullivan's Travels*. This compilation of his diaries and journals done by his widow, Sandy, is as charming and funny as his movies.

Born in Chicago in 1898, Preston Sturges was raised in Europe by his Irish American mother who claimed a line of descent from Brian Boru, the last king of Ireland, and counted Isadora Duncan among her best friends; it was Sturges' mother who gave Duncan the fatal red shawl that, wrapping around a car wheel, broke her neck. Much of the book concerns her and Sturges' early life sometimes with her, sometimes without. Only on page 237 do we get to his Hollywood years. Yet Sturges' stories of running his mother's cosmetic business, writing plays for Broadway, and joining the Air Force in World War I are as entertaining as his later chapters. He also gives as good advice as I have ever read as to how to write dialogue, and as apt an explanation for any man's success in the movies: "The only amazing thing about my career in Hollywood is that I ever had one at all."

Preston Sturges did not think very highly of the critics of his day, many of whom returned the compliment: "With *Recapture*, they said that it was very doubtful that I had written *Dishonorable*. With *The Well of Romance*, they jumped up and down on my body and tried to squirt the blood out of my jugulars." He stepped on too many toes in Hollywood as well, and by 1946 found himself unwanted and unhired, despite his box office success. Too strapped to bring his family east from California, he died alone, of a heart attack, at Manhattan's Algonquin Hotel in 1958. He was just 60. But the continuing interest in his movies and the recent Sturges retrospective that played in New York, along with this wonderful book, should give Sturges (and his audience) the last laugh.

—*Katherine Dalton*

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turned the President's passion into an icon: the teddy bear, beloved to children for a century now. Never mind the irony; suffice it to say that from target to toy, our bears have been alternately feared and loved, but rarely understood.

Doug Peacock, too, weathered frequent rough times, most of them in Vietnam and its immediate aftermath. He served two tours of duty as a Green Beret medic in the war's darkest moments, ministering to the Montagnard and Hre peoples of the highlands while trying to dodge the bullets that rang around him. As months of combat went by, Peacock began to lose some of the martial spirit he had brought from his Boy Scout youth. And, as a hunter will, he came to respect his foe, his prey. No longer in a world of gooks and slopes, Peacock describes his dead enemy: "They had been folded up into little fetal-like bundles, just like the prehistoric Indian burials I had found in Michigan as a teenager."

Wrapped tighter and tighter, Peacock was involuntarily rotated back to the world. On entering his parents' home, he threw away his uniforms and military papers, saving only his wartime diary, its pages glued together by mildew and fungus. Then he hid himself away until, still malaria-dazed, he headed to Montana. "I had no talent for reentering society," he writes. "Others of my generation marched and expanded their consciousness; I retreated to the woods and pushed my mind toward sleep with cheap wine."

Peacock's urgent and moving story unfolds in *Grizzly Years*, with its nicely double-edged title. Its opening page announces all that will follow:

> The big bear stopped thirty feet in front of me. I slowly worked my hand into my bag and gradually brought out the Magnum. I peered down the gun barrel into the dull red eyes of the huge grizzly. He gnashed his jaws and lowered his ears. The hair on his hump stood up. We stared at each other for what might have been seconds but felt like hours. I knew once again that I was not going to pull the trigger. My shooting days were over.

In the company of such bears, far removed from the workaday world, Peacock shook off the horrors of his first war. He would not, however, retreat into pacifism, for he found a second war in the continuing encroachment of civilization on the wild lands, in the helicopters, sport hunters, and beef cattle that ranged through once-desolate places. He began to refine techniques of fighting back, performing unauthorized maintenance on yellow construction machines and sporty snowmobiles, terrorizing the countryside with his now-bearlike scowl. His mastery of these dark arts led him to early fame as the model for the hero of the late Edward Abbey's *Monkey Wrench Gang* (1975) and *Hayduke Lives!* (1990), novels that, like their author and his protagonist, are full of anarchic rage and good humor.

Abbey suggested that Peacock take a proper anarchist's revenge on society by landing a job with the federal government, and Peacock, now a fire lookout for the Forest Service, took up residence in a tower near Glacier National Monument, close by his beloved bears. There he met his wife Lisa, an adept in the ways of the wilderness, a monkey-wrencher of distinction, and —as is evident in the full-color insert in *Grizzly Years*—a fine photographer. The two set up house in their ursocentric universe, surrounded by snuffling, rooting, grunting, maundering, lolling, rearing, bawling, and occasionally charging bears.

When fire season ended, the two traveled to Tucson, Arizona, an early Peacock haunt where his friend Abbey lived. There he began to organize research projects on the grizzly bear and agitate for their protection, efforts that were documented in a 1988 PBS documentary called *Peacock's War*. For years, too, Doug Peacock labored over the pages of the present book, taking advice from writer friends like Abbey, Peter Matthiessen, and especially Jim Harrison, the poet and novelist.

Their collective efforts are reflected in what is an altogether remarkable memoir. Peacock writes with assurance of his haunted past and occasionally rocky present, never descending into bathos or sentimentality, leading the reader away from both fright and feel-goodism to understanding. *Grizzly Years* is a genuinely patriotic book. In its pages, the bears of Montana and their world come to life, and through it, we trust, something of the best of wild America will endure and thrive. They have found an eloquent protector.

Gregory McNamee's most recent book is The Return of Richard Nixon and Other Essays, *published last year by Harbinger House.*

BRIEF MENTIONS

KEEPING CANADA TOGETHER by Kenneth McDonald
Agincourt, Ontario: Ramsay Business Systems, Ltd.; 94 pp., $7.95

McDonald's short paperback gives in abbreviated form his own contribution to the on-going debate about Canada's future. Secession is hounding Canada as vigorously as it is Central Europe, and with just as much acrimony if perhaps less violence. Like many Anglophones, McDonald (who immigrated to Canada from England in 1957) has lost all patience with Quebec, and properly sees the federally-mandated bilingualism as the inequitable and divisive legislation it was meant to be. McDonald considers the centralization and new constitution undertaken by Trudeau a replacement of an "English" system with a "French" one, in which, for example, rights are conferred by the state rather than reserved by the citizens. This is in many ways a useful distinction, but it is also true that centralized power and the sheltering of government workers from citizen anger or reform is a trend in most late-20th-century Western republics, very much including the States, where (alas) we cannot blame it on our French minority.

McDonald proposes a new constitution of his own, with a greatly reduced government workforce (at present 21 percent of Canadians work for government on some level); more local control, most especially over spending; and greater reliance on national referendums so that voters can directly vote their will on such major decisions as increasing the national debt. With all his irritation with Quebec, McDonald understands that despite its autocratic nature and its misuse of central power, that province may be showing the way to a more fairly federalized Canada.

—*Jack Ramsay*

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Letter From Eastern Europe

by Thomas Molnar

A Difficult Road

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Over the course of a one-month (April) trip through five European countries, Eastern and Western, I collected notes of many conversations, particularly with young people, about their view of what is called over there "the situation." A more concrete term should not be used since not even the leading *quattuor*, Gorbachev, Thatcher, Mitterrand, and Kohl, know exactly what tomorrow will bring. "The situation" is fluid, or at least half of it is: while Western Europe shifts between joy and anxiety, and follows the road of consumer societies, Eastern Europe makes history, for the first time since about A.D. 1500 when the Turkish occupation put an end to its independent existence. There followed other occupiers, Habsburg, Russian, and German up until 1918, and there were new occupations, German and Soviet, up to the crumbling of the Berlin Wall. Add it up: close to five centuries.

The history now made in Eastern Europe may bring with it revolutions, civil wars, wars among nations, unexpected independence (the Ukraine?), the breakup of Russia, new hegemonies (Germany). Or it may bring a peaceful unity with Western Europe and the extension of consumer society's wasteland from West to East. Everything is possible; history continues; Fukuyama was mistaken.

My contacts in Eastern Europe, France, Switzerland, and Austria were made easier by the fact that in several places I gave lectures and seminars, so that I was able to meet large groups of articulate people. The additional fact that I came from America bestowed on me a kind of extraterritoriality, while my European origin and the languages I speak brought me closer to them than would be the case of a journalist or interviewer. We talked after classes, at beer halls, on mountain paths, in cafés and homes. I think I can trust what my young friends told me.

Young people in the West regard "the situation" with unbelieving eyes. This is already the TV generation in Europe too, conditioned to register only what the screen deity reports, or else they formulate their views according to the opinion-group to which they belong: nationalist, Catholic, anti-German, socialist, liberal, radical, or Jewish. Almost everybody is enthusiastic, minus the chauvinists in France, duty-bound to suspect the "Boche" whatever he does. (So much for the Franco-German love affair, the foundation stone of a "united Europe.") The greatest sympathy is manifested for Rumania, a "Latin sister," but as one travels eastward, sentiments palpably change, and Hungarians and Poles win hands down.

In the West I asked questions about eventual threats to the consumer society in case reforms in the East prove costly for Western budgets. At first, the answers indicate solidarity and generosity with the East; then people become slightly nervous, and strictly local problems leap into focus: unemployment and African immigration in France; joining or not joining the United Nations in Switzerland; and joy in Vienna about reassuming the central position of the city (and country) lost when Hitler annexed Austria as Germany's easternmost thus-marginalized province. I concluded from all this that *sacro egoismo* is still uppermost in these people's minds, and that people generally are only superficially interested in what happens next door. Sacrificing their prosperity for others is out of the question, solidarity and sacrifice are activated exclusively within the nation. Thus Hungarian students, upon hearing of Ceausescu's fall and the needs of the Magyar population in Transylvania, collected truckfuls of foods within 24 hours and drove them to Rumania —where Securitate sharpshooters received them. There were quite a few casualties.

As my train or car traveled east, not only the landscape, but the mentalities and worries changed. My interlocutors became more alive to "the situation." In Austria, Liechtenstein, and Switzerland many of the people I talked with were Polish, Hungarian, and Czech students, and their first concern was the state of the economy and general morals at home. While the experts hatch projects and Western or Japanese investors buy up entire industries and media groups and install sex-shop chains, my young friends, almost without exception, are pessimistic about the years of transition, which may be as long as one or two decades. During that time and without the party's crushing presence (but it crushed bad things, too, they acknowledge, such as openly offered pornography), people's selfishness and indifference are likely to grow and corruption of all sorts to spread. "We are at our best when it comes to talking or writing, but where are the practical minds and the organizers?" Or: "Politicians are filled with good intentions, but there is not one statesman among them." Or: "A unified view would be necessary, not the dispersal of party-politics, yet nobody wants another monolithic power structure." Democracy, yes, but without the anarchy of pressure groups and demagogy; a strong national government, yes, but without one party in charge; etc., etc. A young Polish woman summed up the general preoccupation. She and her friends were fighting for years for political and cultural pluralism, but are beginning to have doubts as they are now face-to-face with Western anarchy and confusion. It suddenly becomes clear to me: if the one-party system had not been a totalitarian one (this is no contradiction), and had been able to acquire legitimacy in the eyes of the people, they would have hesitated to overthrow it. The multiparty system is not received with enthusiasm. Only a minority of the population votes—not because they are unused to democracy, but because they distrust *Danaos et dona ferentes*.

A group of students from Prague and Brno was, perhaps, the most even-minded. "What we have seen of your consumer society scares us," one of the group said. "If it invades us too, there will be those who succumb to it, but also others who will try to block it with any means. A cultural civil war may be next on the agenda." A Finnish girl

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showed equanimity; her nation can only be strengthened *vis-à-vis* the Russians when the Baltic states achieve independence. What did the two Russians I met say to that? We need a reducing cure, they said; Russia can stand alone without corrupt satrapies, colonies, and client-states.

It was remarkable to me, who can recall events of fifty years ago, that not one of these men and women referred to a "great man," a hero-figure, a national savior. This was very different half a century ago when grandiose political and social programs were linked with larger-than-life-size leaders. Today, they call Gorbachev a lucky gambler, Walesa is suspected of excessive ambitions, Havel is well-liked but not adulated. In France, De Gaulle is forgotten, although still pulled out of his mausoleum to label this or that party's policy with his name. The only praise I heard for one or two Hungarian politicians was for their virtue of pragmatism. It is evident that my friends are in a state best described as emotional convalescence. They are full of élan and hope yet trust nobody, despise and ridicule the *nomenklatura*, and withhold judgment about the actors who just stepped on the stage. To none of them do my young friends predict durability; they believe that the last cards have not yet been played. (Only in France did I hear students express radical ideas—no longer Marxist ones, but the eternally destructive ones of a Voltaire. The latter still has a progeny, while Sartre rests undisturbed as a mummy.)

In political matters my friends displayed mostly disbelief and doubt, and I am unable to say whether their "transitional" generation will turn into a usable material for their nation's future. Seventy years ago, their grandfathers were enthusiastic militants for causes; their fathers, in 1945-50, were interested in peace and bourgeois comfort. Both expectations got bitterly cheated. They themselves, the sons and grandsons, are disillusioned decent fellows, but too shaken up by history, including the latest chapter, to accept commitments. Besides: to what and to whom?

In the present vortex these young people are aware that the individual cannot fight history but can order his mind along the old road of study, reflection, observation, friendship. This has been so since the proverbial dawn of the human race, and will remain so. Its genuineness is again underlined now, despite the turmoil. The individual, freed, in his mind at least, of grandiose ideological patterns, freed also of promises never kept, learns to steady himself at a safe distance from the affairs of the community.

At the same time that I found a great deal of political skepticism, I was struck by how up-to-date these young people from Eastern Europe were in matters of culture, knowledge, and the best of scholarship. The osmosis between the two halves of Europe worked all along, barbed wire and KGB notwithstanding. For decades, in Prague, Budapest, Kiev, and Belgrade, people were reading and discussing, and writing, too, in the "Aesopian language" practiced under despotism. So my friends and I needed no circumlocutions, and my references to Western currents of thought were readily understood. This much has to be said for communist regimes: they stored the bourgeois society, vintage circa 1940, in a Frigidaire (for better or worse, it is now taken out to thaw), and they kept the school curriculum almost in the same state of solidity. They were too respectful of the old world they had overthrown to modify its cultural base. Even in the somber 50's the curriculum was far better in European than in American schools. This resulted in the amazing phenomenon that bourgeois values were actually instilled in proletarian youth. No wonder that workers were the first, in Budapest and Gdansk, to start the *national* insurrection—against the International of the Proletariat! At any rate, the indoctrination courses added to the curriculum were never taken seriously. The mediocre students were unaffected by the recondite language of the Marxist forefathers, and the good minds vomited it up—and turned to serious studies, among which were the—uncensored—classics. They could also turn to old professors. Thus a cultural network developed in classes and outside, joined by young scholars and priests, poets and editors of *samizdat*.

All of this allowed me to pick up the thread of conversation as if it had not been interrupted for five decades. We slipped over generations, events, and cultures, and could exchange ideas and views as if geography and history had not intervened. It was the greatest gift with which I returned from the trip. At no point did I have the feeling, from France to Hungary, that I talked with semi-developed or culturally retarded boys and girls. If there was a difference between East and West, it was the former's greater maturity, wider and more concrete frame of reference. Western youth is more worldly-wise and frivolous; its "problems" are mostly artificial, created by the self-contradictions of pluralistic, liberal society. On the other, Eastern, side there is more seriousness, the weight of things and issues are better evaluated.

At times, they seem to go overboard. The Russians I met were frankly nihilistic—they stepped out of a Dostoyevsky novel. They were also the freest, since Central-European bourgeois tradition did not discipline their imagination and attitudes. They were frank, with the questionable freedom of those who no longer care, who have no solid ground under their feet. Yet they also handled matters of culture, politics, and art with the astounding familiarity I did not find even among my students at Yale. The latter seemed more isolated from the world than their counterparts west or east of Warsaw.

It is tempting to make predictions on the basis of this short excursion, but I

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will resist it. We stand before an awakening volcano, and we cannot guess the future course of the lava. This much, however, is obvious. Somnolent since Yalta, Europe emerges from a state of paralysis, flexes its muscles, and throws off its tutors. It is also in a state of unstable equilibrium: material riches in the West, cultural riches in the East. Western Europe is likely to follow its four-decade routine, but the East promises to be recalcitrant, obstructive, or at least hesitant about the available models. It rejects socialism as degenerating into regimentation; it also rejects liberalism because of its shallowness, materialism, and confusion of values. Besides, the public and private decency Eastern Europe wants does not depend on the regime it chooses. The West believes in an expanding civil society, the East believes in the nation, its faith, and untried talent. These are not by necessity antagonistic beliefs, and the osmosis between East and West will undoubtedly continue. Europe will not be the same again.

Thomas Molnar's most recent book is Twin Powers: Politics and the Sacred.

Letter From Paris

by Curtis Cate

More Verbal Panache Than Military Muscle

◆

Twenty years have passed since Charles de Gaulle faded from the scene—for old soldiers, as is well-known, never die. No one can therefore say just how he would have responded to the present crisis in the Persian Gulf. But if there is one thing, in this highly mobile situation, that can be said with a certain degree of accuracy, it is that the general's present-day successor, François Mitterrand, initially assumed an essentially Gaullist attitude, more marked by verbal panache than military muscle.

On August 2, when Saddam Hussein's Iraqi forces invaded Kuwait, as on the fateful August 13, 1961, when the East Germans began erecting the Berlin Wall, most French cabinet ministers were away from Paris on summer vacations. Prime Minister Michel Rocard was off yachting in the Adriatic, while Jean-Pierre Chevènement, the minister of defense, was enjoying a tour of Tuscany. Not until August 9, a full week after the military occupation of Kuwait, did President Mitterrand, more determined than ever to direct his country's foreign and military policies, see fit to convene a small cabinet meeting at the Elysée Palace to discuss what should be done.

Two practical measures were finally decided on, in a belated effort to offset an impression of French irresolution—what the French aptly call a *flottement* (floating wobbliness). The first was the dispatch to a number of North African and Middle Eastern capitals of 14 French politicians, including several from non-Socialist opposition parties, whose mission it was to explain the Paris government's "point of view"—a typical public relations gimmick in this age of media "spectaculars" intended to persuade the world and, not least of all, domestic opinion at home, that France had and was determined to pursue a definite policy of its own and that it was not going to fall obediently into step with President Bush's "hard line." Underlying this neo-Gaullist attitude was the old familiar fear, which has so bedevilled Franco-American and even British-American relations, that the Americans were about to "go off half-cocked" (the words once used by General Sir Rohan Delacombe, the British commandant in West Berlin, to describe American behavior when General Lucius Clay had U.S. Army tanks move up to "Checkpoint Charlie" in mid-October of 1961).

The second practical measure, decided upon after a good deal of handwringing on the part of the notoriously pro-Arabic Jean-Pierre Chevènement, was an order for the aircraft carrier *Clemenceau* to leave the naval base at Toulon and to head for the Middle East. Few orders in modern naval history have been more nonchalantly carried out. It took all of ten days to prepare and to load the *Clemenceau* with its cargo of 40 rocket-armed helicopter gunships designed for antitank warfare, and ten more days were willfully lost at Djibouti, on the Somali coast, supposedly to permit pilots, crew, and 120 infantrymen to accustom themselves to the sultry heat of the Middle East. Most curious of all, in view of the French government's claim to be pursuing an independent policy, was the decision to send the *Clemenceau* to the Gulf of Oman without any of the carrier's usual complement of fighter planes—which meant that if the crisis had escalated into a shooting war, its captain and crew would have been in the humiliating position of having to rely on an American aerial "umbrella."

It would have made more military and diplomatic sense, as François Fillon, the leading military expert of Jacques Chirac's RPR (*Rassemblement pour la République*) pointed out in early September, to have promptly dispatched France's other aircraft carrier, *Foch*, to the Eastern Mediterranean with its complement of Super-Etendard fighter-bombers (capable of hitting Iraq), and to have had several squadrons of Mirage 2000 or F-1 fighter-bombers flown directly to Abou Dhabi. For the predictable results of this military procrastination was to expose France to grumblings in the U.S. Congress about French "tokenism" and to encourage Saddam Hussein in

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the belief that François Mitterrand's bark was more impressive than his bite. Indeed, if Defense Minister Chevènement had actually wanted to sabotage his government's "tough" stance, he could hardly have done better than he did by warning his compatriots that a war in the Persian Gulf would cost one hundred thousand lives.

The case of Jean-Pierre Chevènement is particularly interesting because it points up the French Socialist Party's acute ideological dilemma in reacting to the Gulf crisis. An emphatically nationalistic and anti-NATO socialist who for years headed a radically left-wing "think tank" (a group calling itself the CERES), Chevènement has never felt much sympathy for reactionary sheiks and emirs—precisely those whom the left-wing weekly *Nouvel Observateur* castigated in a trenchant cover story ("These Princes Who Finance Islamic Fundamentalism") just six days before the Iraqis invaded Kuwait. Indeed, up until the moment of the invasion, Chevènement felt a certain admiration for Saddam Hussein, the kind of "progressive" Arab leader it was possible to live with. For socialist "purists" like Chevènement nothing could be more ideologically galling than having to turn against a once friendly and relatively "progressive" country (where women, for example, are no longer veiled) in order to protect others, and above all Saudi Arabia, which they regard as feudal anachronisms artificially preserved by Western capitalists.

One of the great ironies of the present situation is that it was precisely such capitalists who, by favoring Iraq, helped to develop the military muscles of this Middle Eastern Frankenstein. France's close ties with Iraq go back a long way—at least as far back as the mid-1950's, when the irascible Iranian premier, Mohammed Mossadegh, was sending shock waves through the Middle East by nationalizing his country's petroleum industry. With the American Arabian Oil Company's virtual monopoly on the Arabian peninsula, and while the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company was the big boy in Iran, the directors of the relatively small but ambitious Compagnie Française des Pétroleis decided to place their bets on the oil fields of Mossul and Basra. Thus was born a commercial association that grew steadily bigger until, almost imperceptibly, it was transformed into an informal military alliance in the 1970's and 1980's.

One of the persons who helped to strengthen this Paris-Baghdad axis was the man whom President Georges Pompidou picked to head the Service de Documentation Extérieure et de Contre-Espionnage, the French equivalent of our CIA, in the autumn of 1970. A burly ex-cavalryman weighing more than two hundred pounds—whence his nickname of "Porthos"—Count Alexandre de Marenches was and remains one of those freewheeling and unorthodox aristocrats who, over the centuries, have added so much dash and color to the history of France. Not long after the German occupation of Vichy, France, in December 1942, he had crossed the Pyrenees in order to reach North Africa, and had later served in Italy and France under General Alphonse Juin, whose aide-de-camp he became at the young age of 23. His fluent knowledge of German and English (his mother was American), his earthy shrewdness and common sense, his phenomenal memory and mordant wit and talent for pithy formulations, and his rugged independence and stubborn refusal to compromise on fundamental issues all combined with a whimsical sangfroid and the courteous urbanity of a *grand seigneur* to win him the respect of many influential Allied officers, beginning with Generals George Marshall and Dwight Eisenhower.

During his close to eleven-year tenure—the CIA during the same 1970-1981 period had no less than six different bosses—Alexandre de Marenches transformed an overpoliticized and faction-ridden secret service into one of the most efficient intelligence agencies in the world. (One of his major coups was a warning, sent to the Vatican three months prior to the event, that an attempt on the life of Pope John Paul II was being planned by East European agents.) During this period he established exceptionally cordial relations not only with British, West German, and other European intelligence chiefs, but also with the rulers of Saudi Arabia and Iraq.

It would be grossly unfair to suggest that Marenches, in his talks with Sadoun Shaker, who then headed Iraq's secret services before becoming the country's minister of the interior, and with Saddam Hussein himself, helped to stimulate the megalomania that has since overtaken the "strong man" of Iraq. But it is nevertheless true that in his efforts to persuade the Iraqi leaders to be less dependent on Moscow and to become respectable members of the international community by abandoning their support of terrorist groups in the West, Marenches used an argument that may well have made their heads swell with pride. "Today," he told Sadoun Shaker,

> your country is the only one in the Arab-Moslem world, and even beyond it, which has both water and petroleum. Fate—or, if you prefer, Excellency, Allah—has seen to it that countries that have water have no oil, and vice versa. It's a curious thing, but that's how it is. You are the exception. Thanks to the very large rivers that flow down from the Caucasus—the Taurus, the Tigris, and the Euphrates—you have water in abundance and you have, so everyone assures me, fabulous petroleum and mineral resources. Some go as far as to say that you are a second Saudi Arabia. And yet, while this is so, what are you doing? . . . What are you doing, between this prestigious past of yours [a reference to ancient Babylon and the glorious Baghdad of Harun-al-Rashid] and a future which might yet be? You are practising basic terrorism.

These words were uttered and doubtless repeated more than fifteen years ago. They were later recorded in conversations with the French TV journalist Christine Ockrent that were published in 1986. In the same book, an overnight best-seller in France but still unpublished in the United States, Marenches pointed out that Saddam Hussein's crazy assault on the oil-rich Iranian province of Khouzistan in 1980 was due to faulty intelligence and to the erroneous belief that when the Iraqis invaded, the local inhabitants of "Arabistan" would rise up as one man to welcome their

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"liberators." This did not happen. Instead, the Iranians reacted violently and the result was a war that dragged on for eight years and cost one million lives. This "frightful misunderstanding," as Marenches put it, was essentially due to the fact that the head of the Iraqi secret intelligence services was no longer Sadoun Shaker ("an exceptional . . . young man, attractive, intelligent, and friendly") but Saddam Hussein's half-brother, Barzan Ibrahim el Takriti, who lacked the subtle flair and requisite abilities for this kind of often thankless work. Thankless because, among other things, intelligence gathering and analysis call for sober truthfulness and a total avoidance of flattery, that bane of "authoritarian regimes. If the big boss makes a mistake, the consequences are incalculable."

Saddam Hussein's decision to invade and to annex Kuwait—that Monte Carlo of the Persian Gulf—was clearly the second mistake of its kind, again due to faulty intelligence, not only as regards the reaction of the Kuwaitis but even more as regards the probable reactions of the United States. It is indeed sobering to be reminded that, in this age of spy satellites that are able to pick out a tennis ball from an altitude of miles above Earth, momentous moves can depend on motivations that cannot be photographed or even anticipated with any degree of certainty.

The present crisis has also brought home another bitter truth: that Europe (again in Marenches' words), though "physically a giant, is a political dwarf whose castrato voice is barely heard." When the crunch came, no European country was able to respond rapidly to a vital challenge to its interests with any truly effective show of force. No matter what happens during the coming months and years, this is a glaring weakness that will have to be remedied.

Although few Gaullists today would be willing to admit it, this is the price that France must now pay for the general's *force de frappe*. The cost of developing nuclear weapons, along with the silos and submarines for launching them, proved too expensive for France also to maintain a large number of highly mobile ground forces for rapid deployment overseas.

In December 1959, when the question of a French atomic bomb first came up for discussion at a cabinet meeting in the Elysée Palace, one of France's canniest politicians, Antoine Pinay, who was then minister of finance, argued against the construction of a French nuclear bomb on the grounds that even if France could do it, all that would prove was that the French had produced a bomb "that is twenty years behind those produced in the United States." Within the framework of the Atlantic Alliance a French nuclear arms effort would be wastefully redundant, Pinay held, and would entail the sacrifice of France's conventional military forces.

For reasons of international prestige De Gaulle chose to disregard his finance minister and to press ahead with a totally independent *force de frappe*. Perhaps this was inevitable, given France's, and not least of all De Gaulle's, wartime humiliations. But events are now claiming their implacable tribute. And it is indeed a cruel irony that, having spent so much money on developing an atomic strike force that has never been and probably never will be used, France, in trying to defend its interests in the Middle East, now finds itself more than ever in the position of a "satellite" and poor relation, dependent militarily on the Big Brother from across the sea.

Historian and biographer Curtis Cate has lived in Paris for the past thirty years.

Letter From the Lower Right

by John Shelton Reed

Blazing Melons and Parmley's Law (Rated R)

◆

That's right. Parental discretion advised. It's hard to write about 20th-century culture in terms suitable for innocent ears.

The other evening, some of us were sitting around the living room watching *Blaze*, the movie in which Paul Newman portrays Governor Earl Long of Louisiana. (If you haven't seen this good-humored adaptation of stripper Blaze Starr's account of her love affair with the governor, you might want to hotfoot it down to your video rental store and check it out. It has a lot to offer, including some new uses for watermelon.) I was surprised to discover that some of the younger folks in the room assumed we were watching fiction. *Sic transit gloria* Earl. Actually, the movie stays pretty close to the historical facts, although in a few instances it conflates Earl with his brother Huey, and it borrows at least one good line from the stump speeches of Georgia's Gene Talmadge. (The original went, approximately: "You've got three friends in this world, and don't you forget it. You've got the Good Lord. You've got Sears and Roebuck. And you've got Eugene Herman Tallmadge from Sugar Creek, Georgia.")

Anyway, the movie's mostly true, even when not accurate, if you take that distinction. My principal reservation is that the star is too good-looking. Earl wasn't a toad, exactly, but he was no Paul Newman. On the other hand, I remember Blaze Starr from my misspent college youth, and she really was a knockout. It turns out she's still practicing her art thirty years later: she even appears briefly in a dressing-room scene in this film.

Earl's downfall wasn't entirely due to his having taken up with a stripper. This was Louisiana, after all, where a majority of white folks just voted for a tax-evading sex-manual author who has been known to celebrate Hitler's birthday. But, at the margin, Earl's love life probably didn't help his career. We may have here another instance of the law first formulated by my buddy Parmley. Paraphrased for a family magazine, Parmley's Law states that bimbos corrupt. (Absolute bimbos, of course, corrupt absolutely—and don't give me any grief about "sexism," OK? Surely this observation reflects less credit on the male of the species than the female. So just can it.)

Parmley's Law applies outside the South, too. Ask Gary Hart (although, come to think of it, Miss Rice was an honors graduate of the University of South Carolina). But Southerners may do this kind of thing more flamboyantly, perhaps because we still believe in sin. As well be hanged for a sheep as a lamb, or something like that. Anyway, about the time I'm ready to conclude that they don't make 'em like Earl Long any more, something amusing

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happens.

Take last year in Virginia, for instance. The new governor, Douglas Wilder, got a lot of good press in the spring, even being touted as Vice-Presidential material after only a few weeks in office. Some of our Democrats down here are getting desperate, it seems, and they want to portray Wilder as an old-timey Southern Democrat—that is, a patriot and fiscal conservative—who just happens to be black. And perhaps there's something to that. The governor does voice some home truths rather well, as when he observed that "It's more apparent than ever before that our two-party system is becoming a competition between the party inside Washington and that new party, the vast majority of Americans who live outside." And it was Wilder's campaign that first turned abortion rights into a winning issue by casting it, cleverly, as a government-interference fight. (Harvey Gantt took the same tack when he ran against Jesse Helms, and a North Carolina newspaperman suggested this television ad: "This is Willie Horton. If he raped your daughter and she became pregnant, my opponent wouldn't let her get an abortion.")

Anyway, just a few months after he was elected, Wilder got in trouble for using a state plane to go see his new girlfriend. Since the lady in question is the ex-wife of America's richest man, the governor may have just been hustling for campaign contributions—and there are worse ways to do it. On the other hand, the lady is also (are you ready for this?) a former nude dancer. Some Virginians joked that Old Dominion did indeed have a "Wilder administration," but those who had been promoting Wilder as a traditional sort hadn't exactly had nostalgic references to Uncle Earl in mind.

Meanwhile, as you may have heard, about the same time in Nashville it came to light that the mayor, the allegedly Honorable Bill Boner, had become engaged to a fetching young lady named Traci Peel. It would be wonderful if I could report that Miss Peel, ah, does; alas, however, she's not a stripper but an aspiring country-music singer. Give her a few points, though, for a first name that ends in "i." (Joe Bob Briggs used to evaluate the Dallas Cowboy cheerleaders by that criterion: the zenith, as I recall, was something like a seven-i year.) And that really is the mayor's name.

Now, I wouldn't be making fun of this happy couple if it weren't for the fact that Mayor Boner was still living with his wife. True, this was wife number three, and third wives, as a rule, ought to have figured out that their husbands are men who are not afraid of commitment. Still, it must be awkward to be married to someone who has given another woman a 2.2 carat engagement ring and who sometimes appears on stage to accompany her on his harmonica. It must be even more awkward when your husband's fiancée tells a reporter that he can—well, that he can "sustain his passion" for seven hours. (Miss Peel is supposed to have said that in the course of a telephone interview, adding, "Not bad for a 47-year-old man"—whereupon a male voice came on the line to say: "46.") When asked what she thought of her daughter's boyfriend, Miss Peel's mother, Junior (that's right: her father's name is Fred), said: "Why, he's a wild and crazy guy—just like us!"

This being Nashville, the Boner affair gave rise to a number of songs. First off the mark was a WLAC disk jockey, whose "Ballad of Bill Boner" includes such lines as, "For seven hours of heaven, will he go straight to hell?" Someone else, inevitably, came up with something called "420 Minute Man." Most Nashvillians seemed to be having almost as good a time with the story as Bill and Traci, until it was picked up by *People* magazine, *USA Today*, and the TV tabloid *A Current Affair*, at which point respectable Nashvilleans got concerned about their city's image. (So trite, folks. Come on: if you've got it, flaunt it.) One concerned citizen wrote another song called "Bill Boner, Won't You Please Resign?" and even my friend Mona snarled that the former congressman "should have stayed in Washington where he belongs."

What's more, Traci and Bill finally got embarrassed. The mayor said that things had been drawn "out of proportion," and Miss Peel phoned a radio call-in show to denounce the press for making the mayor "look like an idiot" and Nashville "look like *Hee Haw*." "It's a sad, sad day," she said, "when they have to mock our leaders." She also accused the media of damaging her career (although I'm told that she subsequently performed daily at the Tennessee State Fair). At last report, in late September, Phil Donahue was trying to get the beleaguered couple to tell their story on his program, but they had split to Hawaii to wait for the mayor's divorce to become final, which shows how things have changed in the last thirty years, by the way. When Earl Long needed a rest, they put him in a mental hospital.

This year John Shelton Reed is writing from Northern California, where sin is obsolete.

LIBERAL ARTS

HEAVEN FORBID . . .

School officials in Easton, Massachusetts, say they regret an incident at the June 3 graduation ceremonies of Oliver Ames High School in which a local pastor gave a benediction, including bestowing "the blessings of Jesus Christ."

"It won't happen again, if it is within our powers," said School Committee Chairman Donald Anderson. He was responding to a request for an apology by the board from local resident Andrew Copp, who said he was offended by the "violation" of the separation of church and state. Anderson said he agreed with Copp's concerns and that he had a legitimate argument.

Oliver Ames Principal Duncan Oliver also called the benediction by the Rev. David Holland, minister of the Easton Foursquare Church, an unfortunate occurrence.

—*from* The Enterprise, *Brockton, Massachusetts, June 15, 1990*

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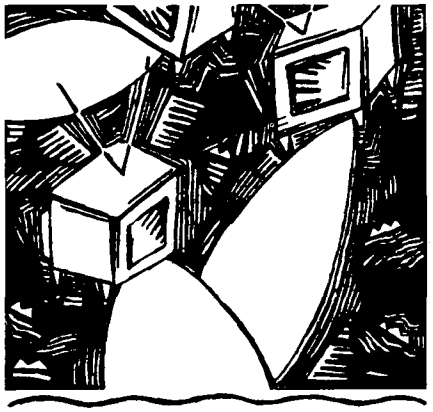

Jeanne Berg

Defining Anti-Semitism

by Allan C. Brownfeld

Pat Buchanan and His Critics

◆

There was much discussion last autumn of the charge of "anti-Semitism" made against syndicated columnist and conservative spokesman Patrick Buchanan by *New York Times* columnist A.M. Rosenthal.

What sparked the attack was a statement made by Buchanan on the television program *The McLaughlin Group*, in which he said, "There are only two groups that are beating the drums now for war in the Middle East, and that is the Israeli Defense Ministry and its amen corner in the U.S."

In response, Rosenthal declared that Buchanan was guilty of engaging in a "blood libel," by implying that "Jews have alien loyalties for which they are willing to sacrifice the lives of Americans."

A number of others joined in the attack. The *New York Post* (which carries Buchanan's column) wrote in an editorial that, "When it comes to Jews as a group . . . Buchanan betrays an all too familiar hostility." Taking a different tack was Jacob Weisberg in the *New Republic*. Weisberg admitted that "Most of those who know Buchanan—including ideological antagonists—find it hard to countenance the charge of anti-Semitism." Still, he states, this "becomes a kind of semantic quibble: depending on how you define anti-Semitism." He indicates that his real concern is not the charge of anti-Semitism but Pat Buchanan's total ideological perspective, which he describes as "powerfully authoritarian and anti-democratic, and in a distinct sense, fascistic."

The unsigned editorial the *New Republic* ran prior to the Weisberg article was not even this circumspect, calling Buchanan "an anti-Semite . . . twisted . . . a connoisseur of intolerance . . . a disgraceful man." Writing in the *Jerusalem Post*, David Bar-Illan referred to Buchanan as "the American Le Pen."

Buchanan's answer was as follows: "Now, about this charge, anti-Semitism. The word has several meanings. One is an embedded hatred of Jewish people . . . As such, it is a grave sin, a disease of the heart, a variant of racism. Which brings us to a second definition . . . And that is a word to describe the branding iron wielded by a tiny clique, to burn horribly heretics from their political orthodoxy. It is used to frighten, intimidate, censor and silence; to cut off debate; to so smear a man's reputation that no one will listen to him again; to scar men so indelibly that no one will ever look at them again without saying, 'Say, isn't he an anti-Semite?'"

Interestingly, not a single person who has known Pat Buchanan for many years, as this writer has, has joined the attack. Indeed, while many disagree—as this writer does—with his views about the Middle East and about the cases of several accused Nazi war criminals he has defended, not a single manifestation of anti-Semitism has been reported. Syndicated columnist Jack Germond noted that he had known Buchanan for twenty-five years, disagreed with him on most political questions, and never observed any manifestation of anti-Semitism. Even Morton Kondracke of the *New Republic* said, when the tempest first broke, "I say calling someone an anti-Semite is the worst, one of the worst things, you could possibly call him, and you have to have lots of proof, and Abe Rosenthal does not have the proof." (Only later, after his magazine joined the attack on Buchanan, did Kondracke backtrack with, "I'm not charging anti-Semitism, but there is a pattern of hostility.")

If there is no proof of Pat Buchanan's anti-Semitism, there is a good deal of proof to indicate that Abe Rosenthal's attack was part of a more general plan to silence free and open debate on America's Middle East policy. Rosenthal based his attack upon Buchanan on material provided to him—and other journalists around the country—by the Anti-Defamation League of B'nai B'rith. Abraham Foxman, national director of the ADL, acknowledges that the ADL issued a statement critical of Pat Buchanan. "I'm sure that Abe Rosenthal saw it," Foxman says. "It wasn't a secret. He then did what he did." Foxman maintains that the ADL, in contrast to Rosenthal, did not charge Buchanan with anti-Semitism. But Foxman adds that he believes Buchanan is "a mirror image of an anti-Semite" and has charged that Buchanan has an "obsession" and "a problem" with Jewish issues. Some of Buchanan's comments, Foxman told the *New York City Tribune*, have been "reminiscent of a lot of anti-Semitic stereotyping and we raised our voices in concern." Still, Foxman disputes the idea that the ADL was seeking to censor Pat Buchanan: "One way to fight bigotry is to expose it, which is what we did."

The ADL is part of a larger coalition of groups, some of which have assumed for themselves the role of attempting to silence those advocating ideas with which these groups disagree. The house organ of the American Israel Public Affairs Committee (AIPAC), *Near East Report*, urged its

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readers to exert pressure on local newspapers around the country to replace Pat Buchanan's column with that of another conservative columnist, such as George Will. Even Harvard Professor Alan Dershowitz, ordinarily an outspoken advocate of the First Amendment, declared that Buchanan should be removed from the national media. "CNN should take him off the air and major American newspapers should stop running him," Dershowitz told the *Washington Jewish Week*. "Pat Buchanan has been a vicious Jew-baiter for many years. His anti-Semitism is beyond dispute."

Indeed, AIPAC has made it clear that Pat Buchanan is not its only target. Writing in *Near East Report*, Mitchell Bard discussed "What to Do About the Buchanans." The plural is used, he noted, because "Buchanan, of course, is not the only one spewing venom against Jews and Israel on a regular basis." He urged supporters of AIPAC to urge editors to replace Buchanan with conservatives like "George Will, Paul Gigot, Norman Podhoretz, Fred Barnes, and William Safire," or, if the critic of Israel is a liberal, with "Alan Dershowitz, A.M. Rosenthal, or Charles Krauthammer."

What many Americans seem not to understand is that when the ADL and AIPAC use the term "anti-Semitism," they have their own, revised definition of the term.

In his book *Language is Sermonic*, Richard Weaver argued that we live in an age characterized by looseness and exaggeration in description. Exaggeration, he maintained, is essentially a form of ignorance that allows and seems to justify distortion: "A course of action, when taken by our side, was 'courageous'; when taken by the enemy, 'desperate'; a policy instituted by our command was 'stern'; the same thing instituted by the enemy was 'brutal.' . . . And such always happens when men surrender to irrationality."

Today, anti-Semitism in America has been redefined as anything that opposes the politics and interests of the state of Israel. One cannot be critical of the Israeli prime minister, concerned about the question of the Palestinians, or dubious about the value of massive infusions of American aid to Israel without subjecting oneself to the possibility of being called "anti-Semitic."

Such a redefinition may be found in the book *The New Anti-Semitism* by Arnold Forster and Benjamin R. Epstein of the Anti-Defamation League. The authors begin by noting the apparent decrease in anti-Semitism in the years following World War II, especially following the Allied liberation of the concentration camps and the discovery of the full extent of Nazi atrocities. However, they insist that this is only a superficial development. Anti-Semitism, they say, may remain dormant for years, and unless rooted out completely, may grow again. The book sets out to identify the sources, modes, and extent of current anti-Jewish behavior. To do so, the authors insist that it is necessary to redefine some of the traditional notions about anti-Semitism and its sources, to examine "insensitivity" to Jewish concerns as well, thereby broadening the range of behavior to be studied. The new definition includes "a callous indifference to Jewish concerns expressed by respectable institutions and persons . . . people who would be shocked to think of themselves as anti-Semites."

Thus, the nature of the "new" anti-Semitism, according to Forster and Epstein, is not necessarily hostility to Jews as Jews or toward Judaism—which all men and women of good will deplore—but, instead, criticism of Israel and its policies.

In a June 5, 1983, *Washington Post* article entitled "Anti-Semitism Has Changed," Nathan Perlmutter, then national chairman of the ADL, expanded upon this thesis. He noted that the search for peace in the Middle East is "littered with minefields that endanger Jewish interests" and declared that the "fevered language" used by the media in describing Israeli actions during the invasion of Lebanon illustrated "how decent yearnings for 'peace' in an alchemy of historical ignorance, and hyperbole, stir anti-Semitic imagery."

One of those who has freely used the charge of anti-Semitism to silence critics of Israel is Norman Podhoretz, editor of *Commentary*. In an article entitled "J'accuse" (*Commentary*, September 1983), he charged America's leading journalists, newspapers, and television networks with anti-Semitism because of their reporting of the war of Lebanon and their criticism of Israel's conduct. Among those so accused were Anthony Lewis of the *New York Times*, Nicholas von Hoffman and Joseph Harsch of the *Christian Science Monitor*, Rowland Evans, Robert Novak, Richard Cohen, and Alfred Friendly of the *Washington Post*, and a host of others. Of the criticism of Israel by these journalists, many of whom were Jewish themselves, Podhoretz declared: "We are dealing here with an eruption of anti-Semitism."

Norman Podhoretz was also willing to attack Israeli critics of Israel's policy in Lebanon, and did so publicly at the March 1986 International Colloquium of Jewish Journalists. The Jerusalem meeting focused on whether Jewish journalists in general and Israeli journalists in particular have a special obligation of restraint in reporting controversial aspects of Israeli life. Writing in the *Jerusalem Post*, columnist Moshe Kohn reported: "The debate was led off by Norman Podhoretz . . . He opened by laying down the 'axiom' that 'the preservation of the Jewish people involves above all else ensuring the survival of Israel.' From this, he said, follows a second axiom: 'It is in Diaspora Jewry's own self-interest to man the ramparts in the relentless ideological war being waged against Israel,' which, he said, 'I take to be a war against the Jewish people as a whole.' So 'the role of Jews who write in both the Jewish and general press is to defend Israel, and not join in the attack on Israel.'"

Mr. Podhoretz admitted that Jews have a right to criticize. However, when asked if he could think of an Israeli action of which he might disapprove, he declared, "The only decision by Israel that I know I'd criticize publicly would be one to join a Communist alliance."

The Jerusalem meeting was not overly receptive to this point of view. Hannah Zemer, editor of the Israeli labor movement's daily newspaper, said: "I cannot tell people not to criticize a particular policy. Criticizing a particular decision does not mean that you are attacking Israel. You can't expect people to defend the Lebanon War, which was a wrong war. All we can do is demand that the press be fair."

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Even within the organized American Jewish community, anyone who takes a less than intransigent position with regard to the Middle East is bitterly attacked. Letty Cottin Pogrebin, in her column in the Jewish magazine *Moment* (February 1990), describes the situation this way: "Amid all the contentiousness over Middle East politics, you may have missed one subtle but ominous development in the American Jewish community: Peace is becoming a dirty word. . . . Discussing Middle East politics with an old friend, I argue that, for the sake of security, democracy and Jewish ethics, Israel should trade land for peace. 'Peace is just another word for surrender,' interrupts my friend with uncharacteristic impatience. 'We've got to stop thinking like ghetto Jews. We've got to stop compromising.'"

Those who have attempted to stifle open discussion, Ms. Pogrebin adds, "have already accomplished the impossible: they've marginalized our centrists. For example, despite the ravages of the intifada, inflation, unemployment and depressed morale, they've insisted that only whiny, self-hating Jews would focus on Israel's problems or flaws. They've made moral introspection the province of wimps, and media-bashing a badge of Zionist honor."

In an interview with Michael Lerner, editor of *Tikkun* (September/October 1990), the respected Israeli novelist A.N. Yehoshua laments what he believes is "ethical insensitivity" on the part of Jewish organizational leaders in America: "My greatest disappointment in the past few years was watching the ethical insensitivity of American Jews." If there were more sensitivity, he argues, "American Jews would have spoken out more clearly in criticizing Israel's policies toward the Palestinians. I watched with amazement how the world honored Elie Wiesel as somehow a prophet of morality, and how simultaneously Wiesel managed to fail to criticize Israeli policies in the territories. . . . I'm a friend of Wiesel's and I like him, and I know the important work he once did to promote an awareness of the Holocaust two decades ago, but I cannot accept his silence. He speaks about 'The Jews of Silence.' But *he* is now a Jew of silence. He cannot ask others to speak up about other situations of oppression and then remain silent when he can clearly see what is happening on the West Bank."

Those few members of Congress who have criticized Israel have, as with members of the media, been accused of anti-Semitism, and pro-Israel political action committees have done their best to defeat them. They succeeded in the case of Representative Paul Findlay (R-Illinois). In his book *They Dare to Speak Out*, Findlay writes, "If one particular group can succeed in inhibiting free expression on a particular subject, others inevitably will be tempted to try the same in order to advance their favorite causes. . . . When a lobby stifles free speech nationally on one controversial topic—the Middle East—all free speech is threatened."

Clearly, the bitter attack upon Pat Buchanan is not merely an isolated feud between two journalists but rather part of a larger effort to manipulate the national discussion of Middle East affairs.

In the case of Buchanan, our modern "silencers" may have been surprised by the widespread defense he has received, in particular, by many prominent Jewish Americans. Among those signing a pro-Buchanan advertisement in the *New York Times* were Paul Gottfried, Leon Hadar, Sheldon Richman, Murray Rothbard, Ronald Hamowy and Murray Sabrin. And Rabbi Jacob Neusner said, "this admirable conservative may be ornery and impatient and wrong-headed, but he is certainly no anti-Semite."

One can disagree with Buchanan or anyone else without making false charges of bigotry. One can also insist that true anti-Semitism—and all forms of racial and religious bigotry—should be vigorously opposed. But such evils should not be trivialized by attributing them to those with whom there is simply disagreement on certain public questions. The trivialization of anti-Semitism will only help to make it acceptable. And then all of us will be the losers.

Allan C. Brownfeld is a syndicated columnist and an associate of the Accuracy in Media-Allied Educational Foundation Speakers Bureau in Washington.

Jeanne Berg

Assassination of el Piochito

by Leon Steinmetz

(Love, Art, and the Fourth International)

◆

"When he was young, Coba was very fond of hunting, but not with a rifle, he preferred traps," wrote Leon Trotsky in his essay in 1939. And who could know it better than Trotsky, for whom Coba (a.k.a. Joseph Stalin), his former comrade-in-arms and a close associate at the Politburo, was setting traps all over the world, which Trotsky, a weathered conspirator, kept eluding. Until, finally, the trap's jaws clapped over their victim.

Exactly 50 years ago, on a hot August day in 1940, a young Spaniard, Ramón Mercader, walked freely into Trotsky's heavily fortified house in Coyoacán, a suburb of Mexico City, said hello to the guards, declined politely the tea offered to him by Trotsky's unsuspecting wife Natalia, then, on the pretext of discussing with Trotsky his article about the Fourth International, accompanied the old man to his study, and there brutally crushed Trotsky's skull with an ice pick. That blow ended what had begun peacefully, almost idyllically three years prior—Trotsky's final refuge in Mexico.

After Coba expelled him from Soviet Russia in 1929 (one can well imagine how madly he later cursed himself for

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making such a stupid mistake, allowing "this Judas" to leave), Trotsky attempted to settle in Turkey, but had to flee for France, which he, in turn, had to flee for Norway, where he couldn't remain either, because Coba threatened the Norwegian government with a boycott of Norwegian herring for harboring him.

The situation was getting quite tense — no country was willing to give refuge to the prophet of world revolution. And then, a blessing, a salvation from totally unexpected quarters. Diego Rivera, a muralist painter and the most famous artist in Mexico (who also happened to be a Trotskyite) requested political asylum for Trotsky and his wife Natalia from Mexican President Cárdenas. And Cárdenas consented.

The Trotskys settled at the Riveras' large, azure-painted residence, their so-called "Blue House" in Coyoacán. Although Diego loved to repeat that he had "no home, only the Communist Party," he and his wife, the artist Frida Kahlo, lived quite comfortably. The Blue House, one of several houses they had, was filled with pre-Colombian Mexican art and works of Picasso, Miró, and Duchamp. "We are on a different planet!" excitedly wrote Natalia Trotsky, unaccustomed to this combination of wealth and Bohemia.

Diego was a vigilant and sensitive host. The Blue House's windows facing the street were bricked up; he even bought the large neighboring parcel of land and surrounded the entire property with a stone wall that was guarded around the clock by an international group of Trotskyites. Frida's father, an old provincial photographer from Hungary, couldn't quite understand who all these people were, who Trotsky was, and what the commotion was about, and when she explained it to him, said: "If you respect this man, tell him to stay away from politics — it's a heap of manure!"

In the Blue House's cozy kitchen, the hosts and the guests would eat together, often staying up late, discussing art and the future of mankind. Trotsky would recall his plans for Soviet military strategy — "the road to Paris and London runs through the towns of Afghanistan; from a base in the Urals, via Afghanistan, the red cavalry should move into India and set off an Asian revolution . . ."; he would talk about art — "in the future communist society art will dissolve into life; there will be no dancers, for instance, since everyone will move harmoniously . . ."; or make pronouncements on politics — "the tribunal of History will condemn Cain-Stalin . . . !" Somehow, he and Stalin, both militant atheists, liked to hurl biblical insults at each other.

Soon after his arrival in Mexico, Trotsky requested that a commission be established to investigate the allegations brought against him at the Moscow show trials. And so it was. In the presence of about fifty spectators, mostly American and Mexican reporters, the seven-member International Commission, chaired by John Dewey, held its sessions in the Blue House's spacious living room. Because of concern for G.P.U. sabotage, the house was surrounded by piles of sandbags, and everyone was searched for weapons before being admitted inside.

For Diego and Frida this was a dream come true. A "happening," a piece of tense theater and a dangerous political event — all entangled in one! They both would come to the solemn commission sessions dressed extravagantly — she in long, native Indian outfits, multicolored shawls and exotic earrings, and he wearing a huge, fit-for-a-circus sombrero adorned with a peacock feather.

After a week of daily hearings, the Dewey Commission completely absolved Trotsky of all charges brought against him in Moscow.

The kitchen discussions continued. To communicate, they resorted mainly to French. Diego also knew some Russian (his first wife was Russian painter Angelina Belova), while Frida loved to switch into English, which Natalia Trotsky didn't know.

Diego was excited to have at his dinner table, in the flesh, the man whom he used to depict on his frescoes next to Lenin. And the sickly and wanton twenty-nine-year-old Frida (who was much younger than her husband) was flattered by the increasingly tender attention paid to her by the former legendary commander of the Red Army. She flirted with him and even gave him a nickname, el Piochito — the little goat.

And Trotsky was, apparently, taken by her. As one of his aides recalled, "He would write her a [love] letter and slip it into a book and then would give the book to her, often in the presence of Natalia and Diego, insisting that she read it."

And, of course, she would.

Soon, to the great dismay of Trotsky's bodyguards, who were concerned for his safety, el Piochito and Frida were secretly seeing each other at the house of Frida's sister, Christine.

On Trotsky's birthday, November 7, 1937, which also happened to be the anniversary of the October Revolution, Frida presented him with her self-portrait. In a long flowery dress, a red carnation stuck in her pitch-black hair, she was staring intently from the canvas that bore the description: "To Leon Trotsky, I dedicate this with love."

The good thing was that neither Diego nor Natalia suspected anything — Diego, because he himself was involved in several simultaneous love affairs, and Natalia because she was totally absorbed in her husband's building of the Fourth International (of which Diego was a distinguished member). And, of course, it helped that el Piochito was an old conspirator, and that Frida could lie breezily.

But the bad thing was that Frida's mood and passion were rather changeable, to say the least. After a few months, she (who according to the current Fodor's *Mexico* "was addicted to alcohol and drugs and had affairs with . . . several women") got bored with Trotsky. Despite old Piochito's desperate pleadings, she dropped him.

Trotsky's relationship with Diego also started falling apart. Diego was becoming more and more irritated with Trotsky's stubbornness, his grim dogmatism, his (as Rivera perceived it) lack of humor. And Trotsky was getting more and more annoyed with Diego's anarchist tendencies, his "lack of principles," his Bohemian attitude toward party matters, his weird jokes.

Trotsky was particularly upset when, at the time his one son was poisoned by the G.P.U. in Paris, and another son arrested and shot in Moscow, Rivera presented him with a red skull made from sugar on whose forehead in big white letters was written — STALIN. The moment Rivera left, the angry Trotsky ordered his aide to break and throw away this "gift."

Soon thereafter, it became known that Diego decided to leave the Fourth

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International. This Trotsky could not tolerate. Through the Mexican press, he announced that he "no longer shared moral proletarian solidarity with Diego Rivera and thus could not continue living in his house."

In April of 1939, after spending two years and three months at the Riveras', the Trotskys, their aides, and bodyguards moved out and settled in Vienna Street, also in Coyoacán.

For the next year there was no communication between the two couples, although they lived less than a mile from each other. Meanwhile, the G.P.U. grip around Trotsky tightened. A plot to assassinate him, headed by the communist painter David Siqueiros, was organized. According to Nicholas Mosley, "The conspirators gathered in a studio-room on Cuba Street in the city on the night of 23rd-24th May [1940]. They were mostly artists, ex-soldiers, mineworkers, the unemployed. There was with them an agent of the G.P.U. known as Felipe. They had acquired police uniforms; they dressed up. The second-in-command of the raid, a painter called Pujol, wore the uniform of an army lieutenant: Siqueiros himself wore the uniform of a major, with dark glasses and a false moustache. They carried ropes, rope-ladders, rubber gloves, incendiary bombs, a rotary saw, several revolvers, and at least two machine guns . . . the moustache Siqueiros wore, was a 'Hitler' moustache [and] instead of an officer's hat he had a [First World War] 'Kaiser' helmet." It was a combination of "murderous solemnity and farce."

Trotsky, however, was not amused. In his letter to Mexican President Cárdenas, written immediately afterwards, he described what had happened. "A gang of twenty assassins attacked my house at night, tied up the guards, broke into my study, threw fire bombs into the house and into the yard, wounded my grandson, and kidnapped one of my aides." For some reason, he chose not to mention that he and Natalia survived only by chance, rolling out of their bed and hiding behind it when their bedroom was hastily machine-gunned from the doorway.

A few days later, the corpse of Trotsky's kidnapped aide was found buried in the basement of the house of Siqueiros's relatives.

Since the quarrel with Rivera was widely known, Diego (who was not involved) became a suspect. He escaped arrest thanks only to his mistress, who drove him away in her truck under a pile of oil paintings. Shortly thereafter, he left Mexico for San Francisco. And thus he wasn't in the country when the second, successful attempt on Trotsky's life was carried out three months later.

Though the house on Vienna Street was turned practically into a fortress, with a steel door and watch towers, and was guarded round the clock by the Mexican police and by Trotsky's bodyguards, the assassin had no trouble getting in, since he was a boyfriend (alas, G.P.U. planted) of Trotsky's devoted secretary Sylvia Ageloff.

After he hit Trotsky with an ice pick, which went two-and-three-quarter inches into his skull, "Trotsky leaped to his feet . . . and came towards him, sweeping the objects off the table and hurling them at him—the books, the dictating machine, the ink-well, the paper-knife—he grappled with Mercader, tore the ice-pick from him, got hold of his finger and bit it." Natalia and the guards who rushed into the room saw Trotsky bleeding profusely, but on his feet, and Mercader, in shock, screaming: "They made me do it! They've got my mother!" Trotsky died the following evening.

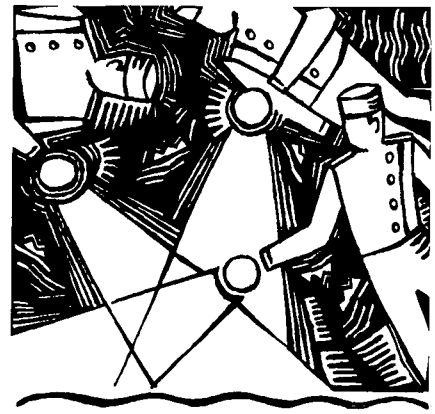
After his death the Riveras made an amazing transformation. Diego turned into a Stalinist. And he begged to be admitted into the paranoidly Stalinist Mexican Communist Party. To get party favors, he even claimed that he was involved in the Trotsky assassination, which was not true.

The change with Frida was no less dramatic. She started hating Trotsky. And the more she hated him, the more passionate, the more obsessive grew her love for Stalin. His photograph was tacked permanently over her bed. And lying in this bed, afflicted with syphilis and a bone disease, barely able to hold a brush, she would devotedly paint Stalin's portrait.

Now, in the Blue House, there is not even a trace of Trotsky. And in the bedroom where he and Natalia spent more than two years, stands the bust of Coba.

Leon Steinmetz teaches creative writing at Harvard.

FILM



Jeanne Berg

Dreams, Ideals, and Jokes

by David R. Slavitt

Dreams
Produced by Hisao Kurosawa and Mike Y. Inoue
Written and directed by Akira Kurosawa
Released by Warner Brothers

Man Without Pigs
Produced and directed by Chris Owen

The Women Who Smile
Produced and directed by Joanne Head

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The plan was terrific—as many plans are. I'd go up to New York to see selected films of the Museum of Natural History's 14th annual Margaret Mead Film Festival, but I could also catch the new Akira Kurosawa film too. This way, I'd have something to bail out with, some high ground to flee to after the anthropological films—from which, as you may already have gathered, I was expecting a rather less lofty level of artistry. All those tendentious documentaries about saving the rain forests and the beastliness of men would be worth sitting through, I believed, because some of them would be unintentionally funny or legitimately interesting, or even good.

I do, still, feel a small frisson of anticipation at the start of a film—which is a bigger deal than the start of a

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book. You have to go somewhere, after all, get seated and settled, and wait that anticipatory few minutes in which the venerable shape of the auditorium speaks its subliminal message of drama and ritual. All the seats are pointed one way to a screen that may or may not be curtained, and there is a kind of invocation, a hope that this time the experience may be OK, or better than OK—wonderful and splendid. The opening of a book, even a new book with that shy smell of ink and glue, is an agreeable instant, but it doesn't last long. The preliminary and prefatory moments at the movies are enough a part of the experience to deserve some attention. And I mention them here in part to establish my *bona fides*. Even at the Museum of Natural History, sitting in the theater at which the films were screened for the press, I had that pleasant sense of anticipation.

But, as I have already implied, plans gang aft agley. It was Kurosawa who, in *Dreams*, became suddenly tendentious and preachy in a series of vignettes that begin well but end disastrously. We are promised dreams but get tirades against nuclear destruction and ecological ruin and a batty *Utne Reader* vision of some utopian village where they don't have electricity and where hundred-and-three-year-old sages spout suggestions about how linseed oil is an adequate power source before getting up to join a funeral procession in a long sequence of band music, bell-ringing, flower-brandishing, and goofy grinning.

Well, maybe it's just me. Being an American, I am somewhat inured to this trendy stuff. It's the Japanese who may find it more interesting or (with reason) irritating. There are hunters wandering through the bamboo groves of Szechwan trying to kill pandas for their skins so that Japanese toymakers can produce toy pandas made of the genuine article for the offspring of the nation's showier tycoons. It's the Japanese who have those float nets that kill dolphins and who are still out there harpooning whales. It's the Japanese who rely on imported oil. (Linseed oil isn't going to run those Hondas, Datsuns, Isuzus, and Toyotas, old philosopher-san.) Maybe Kurosawa is just being impish, using his considerable clout to say these improbable things. Or maybe it's all a put-on. These eight separate sequences are "Dreams" after all, and nightmares can be about the propagandists as much as about the polluters and nuclear power advocates.

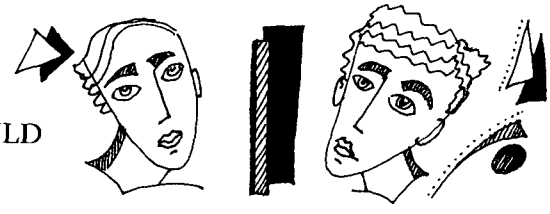
But I have the dismal certainty that these are simply Kurosawa's sincere convictions, which may be interesting to know about but are no more the basis for the formulation of public policy than they are the appropriate starting point for the making of interesting films. Somebody once said—it may have been Buñuel—that all movies are either dreams or documentaries. And while dream sequences are, in commercial Hollywood movies, usually an embarrassment, the great directors do a lot of dream stuff. From *Le Chien Andalou* on down through Fellini and Bergman and Buñuel, and including much of Kurosawa's own best work, there are rifts and, on occasion, whole movies that work at a level that has nothing to do with the easy truth of correspondence of realistic cinema. The first several sequences of *Dreams* are valuable additions to that tradition. "Sunshine Through the Rain" has a mysterious fairy-tale quality and an oneiric *gravitas*. We are entirely invested in the little boy who is hiding among the huge trees as he watches the forbidden wedding procession of the foxes, listening to their eerie music and watching their slow, peculiar dance. That there is a punishment for this spying—his and ours—hardly needs to be explained, for Kurosawa has invested the scene with magic and guilt, for which there must be payment, and even then the foxes' forgiveness is hardly assured. "The Peach Orchard" and "The Tunnel" are also small masterpieces, and if "Van Gogh" is oddly flawed—Martin Scorsese's portrayal of Van Gogh is bizarre—there is a technical triumph from Lucasfilms as the young Japanese art lover romps through familiar Van Gogh paintings, walks those quivering roads, darts in and out of those numinous trees, and watches the crows swoop and soar through that unbelievable sky.

So, yes, go see it, even expecting to be disappointed and assaulted by the last three segments. The successes of the film are worth the nuisance, and even the last three preachments have their attractive visual aspects. Kurosawa seems incapable of a badly framed or improperly lit shot.

At the museum, I was more comfortable, and my expectations of entertainment were not disappointed. These were some of the funniest movies I've ever seen. Chris Owen's *Man Without Pigs* is about one John Waiko, the first Papua New Guinean to be awarded a doctorate and become a professor (at the Australian National University). He returned to his New Guinea birthplace, Tabara, to celebrate, and the anthropologist filmmakers came along to record this event. Evelyn Waugh at his nastiest could not have devised a more scathing indictment of lazy, unreliable, shiftless, envious, competitive, crafty, greedy, and unattractive natives conspiring to humiliate the only member of the family, clan, or village who

LIBERAL ARTS

A SIMPLE 'YES' WOULD SUFFICE



Some right-wingers seem to think a homosexual cabal has existed in the recent administrations. Do you know of closeted gay conservatives in such a position of influence?

[Mr. Liebman]: No. Frankly, even if I knew, which I don't, I wouldn't say.

—from The Advocate's *"coming out" interview with Young Americans for Freedom founder Marvin Liebman in its July 17, 1990, issue.*

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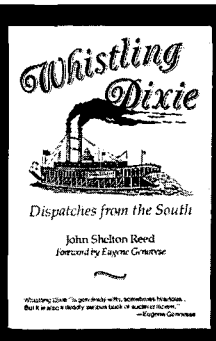
ever amounted to anything. There is endless bickering about what size pigs are to be killed and who is to get which parts of them, and whether the butchering should take place before the work is done or afterwards. There isn't any money, and the barter system doesn't work very well because the villagers spend most of their time wrangling, making long and absurd speeches in which "atta atta" is a frequent phrase, and the translations of which are impossible for any satirist to rival. "You have displayed your wealth in feathers," one "bigman" sneers. And another proclaims, "We Bosida are men of station: we seem lazy, but that is not true!" Well, of course it isn't the whole truth. "Deceitful and contemptible" also need to be added. And "stupid." The preparations for the party are interrupted by a sudden rainstorm, and there is much debate over who caused the rain and whose magic might make the rain go away.

As in the Kurosawa film, there is a general ecological concern with the preservation of the rain forest. The big hunter—whose name, I swear, is Kipling—boasts that he has killed 637 wild pigs and thirty-odd cassowaries in his lifetime. He is obviously worried about the intrusion of the logging companies. If there are to be depradations, the natives want them to be their own. One of the chiefs actually says, "If we want development, we should develop ourselves." The grammatical ambiguity of this suggestion is probably not intentional, but the remark is nonetheless hilarious—because they can't even organize a pig killing or the logistics of a small parade. John Waiko comes walking down the street in his doctoral robes surrounded by savages in beads and feathers, and there is an incident. Someone jostles someone else to get a better view. But because it's a party, they're all carrying spears that are mostly ceremonial but that can nevertheless cause wounds. So a fight erupts, which produces another series of daffy debates and harangues, the climax of which is Dr. Waiko's having to make a kind of peace, drawing a line down the middle of the street, and making the groups keep to their respective sides. The uppity Ph.D. has been reduced to the idiotic level of the village to which he has returned, and the order of disorder has been restored.

Joanne Head's *The Women Who Smile* was the other triumph of the festival. A study of three women of the Hamar, who live, as the nasal if not actually snooty narratrix tells us, "in remote communities scattered across the dry bushlands of Ethiopia." In a great rush, all those social-studies films of junior high school come back, and we are expecting to be mildly uplifted and, not quite incidentally, taught rather more than we may ever need to know about the imports and exports and the charming customs of the region. But *The Women Who Smile*, while conforming mostly to the requirements of that high-minded genre, has its novelties. For one thing, it is clearly a feminist document. There is a sisterly solidarity among the subjects of the film, the female voice that lectures and explains their lives to us, and the female filmmaker. Before the main title, when we get the Hamar explanation about the making of life, we are put on notice about what to expect: "The man's milk and the woman's rain—her blood—come together" to make the new baby, and "if the baby



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Foreword by
Eugene Genovese

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smiles, it will be a woman."

Well, of course! Women are the ones who smile and are good, and men scowl and are brutes and beasts. And, as it turns out, wife-beating is one of the main occupations of the Hamar. The men seem to think that if they don't beat their wives, then the wives won't listen to them, will just—in the words of one of the Hamar males, "just lie around farting all day." The women's consciousness has not yet been raised, and they are woefully unaware of any possible alternative lifestyles.

What makes this poignant and even entertaining is that the liberal disapproval of wife-beating comes into conflict with the liberal notions of how we ought to respect the folkways of these tribal people. If the preservation of the Hamar way of life is a valuable and worthy aim, that means the preservation of wife-beating, which is the only way anybody can get the women to go sweep up the goat droppings. "Bonko, would you like to be a woman?" the field anthropologist asks in that wonderfully earnest tone of voice social scientists and elementary schoolteachers share. Bonko giggles and says no. "Because a woman is beaten and a man is not," he says. But then he trumps this otherwise losing trick by saying, "It's the custom!"

We see a native dance, mostly jumping up and down. We see a naming ceremony. Some little girl is getting named. Lots of names. "Truck," "Airplane," "Rain," and "Coolness" are among the names she is given, because it was raining when she was born, and there was a cool breeze, and, presumably, a truck drove by and a plane flew over. And the baby is passed from hand to hand, and there are large gourds with gooey stuff in them that people half drink, half eat. And they sing their tuneless and repetitive songs, praying for wealth and plenty, these half-naked savages in the middle of the poorest country on earth.

Waugh, even if he were still alive, couldn't make cruel jokes like this anymore. Or if he did, they couldn't get published and distributed. But then he wouldn't have to exert himself. The anthropologists are out there in the bushland, carrying on his work for him, and the museums are showing their films. All we have to do is smuggle a little intelligence into the auditorium. And security devices haven't yet been invented to keep that out.

David R. Slavitt is a poet and novelist who lives in Philadelphia.

LITERATURE

Jeanne Berg

The Virginia Cavalier

by Marshall W. Fishwick

"We are Cavaliers," novelist William Caruthers boasted, "that generous, fox-hunting, wine-drinking, dueling and reckless race of men which gives so distinct a character to Virginians wherever they may be found."

If we look closely at the Cavalier, will we find the quintessential Virginian?

"Cavalier" was originally an English term signifying political affiliation, not social status. The migration to colonial Virginia was largely a middle- and even lower-class affair; most of the early landholders were small farmers. The relatively few settlers of wealth gave manners a warmer tone and emphasized the ideal of country life. "They gave Virginians their passion for handsome houses and fast horses, and brought to public life something more than it had before of the English notion that offices should be held for the benefit of the gentry." Time embroidered the truth and made the rough places smooth; more and more Virginians became Cavaliers. It is simple enough to explain why. They wanted to be Cavaliers.

To sanctify the Cavalier legend in literature became a primary task for Virginia writers—and it was by no means easy. Rich in social virtues, the rural aristocracy was poor in intellectual cross-stimulation; to write was to go it alone. The most articulate members of society entered law, politics, or the ministry. In these three fields of endeavor, there developed an intellectual rigidity and a tendency to evaluate any idea against the background of its origin. Thought was often rated according to notions of social prestige—a habit extremely detrimental to creative thinking, as many otherwise loyal sons bitterly complained.

Hence the literary output of Virginia's early writers consisted mainly of travel accounts (like those of John Smith and Henry Norwood) and histories (of which those by Hugh Jones, William Stith, and Robert Beverley are best known). In the 18th century poetry and fiction with some relationship of style and subject began to appear. One hardy theme was aristocracy and privilege, reflecting the general antidemocratic strain in Southern thought. Stereotypes and symbols epitomizing the plantation economy, class-consciousness, and sectional pride were nurtured tenderly. Lacking originality, most Virginia writers of the period built on foundations laid by a Scotsman and a Yankee. The Scotsman was Sir Walter Scott, and the Yankee James Fenimore Cooper. In a sense, Virginia literature begins with them.

Scott's Waverly Novels were America's first best-sellers. Over five million copies came off American presses between 1813 and 1823; no one knows how many more were imported. In these novels the self-made Virginia Cavalier and his lady found a mirror of their life and ideals. From them sprang the obsession with geneology that still grips the state. "It was good form," William E. Dodd tells us, "for Southern gentlemen to place Sir Walter Scott's novels on their library shelves and for all Southern boys and girls to read these books as the great models of life and good breeding." Men would saddle their horses and ride to town when a new Scott novel was expected. The whole region became infected by the Sir Walter disease.

The other pattern-maker, James

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Fenimore Cooper, wrote *The Spy*, his first successful novel, on a bet. He won. So did America. For the North and the West he was important because he romanticized the great struggle for empire going on in the American forest; for the South he was important because he perpetuated its legends. Half the leading characters of *The Spy* are Virginians. Captain Jack Lawton personifies the dashing Cavalier; William Harper, patently George Washington, plays the role of fairy-godfather. Southerners learned quickly from Cooper. Within a few years after his books appeared, he rivaled Scott in popularity.

Only three years after *The Spy* was published, George Tucker (1775-1861) came forth with *Valley of the Shenandoah*. A member of one of Virginia's most distinguished colonial families, Tucker studied law at the College of William and Mary, practiced in Richmond, then moved to Woodbridge Plantation. While serving on various county courts he studied Scott and Cooper, then did a novel of his own "to supply to youth the wisdom and experience of age, and to mingle instruction with pure and rational pleasure." This didactic note is strong in early Virginia literature, almost becoming its *raison d'être*. Like the Puritans to the north, Virginians both described and justified their "way of life." To this very day, students at the University of Virginia call themselves "Cavaliers."

In addition to self-justification, most writers go in for the literary conventions of their day. For 19th-century Americans, that meant melodrama, set in the rural life of antebellum Virginia with patriarchal planters, faithful slaves, and sweet-talking ladies. All flourished in William Caruthers' classic, *The Cavaliers of Virginia* (1835). His goal was to do for Virginia what Sir Walter Scott had done for Scotland. Even Virginians can't claim that he succeeded; but he certainly tried hard and won wide acclaim in his day.

He began with the premise that "the Cavaliers were the first founders of the aristocracy which prevails in Virginia to this day." To know his hero, Gideon Fairfax, is to know the whole breed: "he was one of that remarkable race of men which has not powerfully influenced the destinies of the Ancient Dominion from that day to the present. . . . There was a sparkling of boyish vivacity in his eyes, and a cheerful expression always hovering about his mouth, which instantly dispelled anything like formality in his intercourse with others. Yet withal there was a bold, reckless daring in his look, together with an open-hearted sincerity which served to give a manly dignity to the lighter expressions." Could anyone wish for a nobler ancestor?

"We of the South," said Robert Toombs in his famous 1860 boast, "are a race of gentlemen." He was expressing one aspect of the famous Cavalier myth of the antebellum South, a myth fostered by so many writers and factors that it is thriving, even growing, in the 20th century. More than any one man, John Esten Cooke, novelist, soldier, and adventurer, established by pen and deed the Cavalier prototype in Southern letters.

When we speak of the Cavalier "myth," we do not mean that there were no Cavaliers, or Cavalier spirit, in actuality. We simply mean that the truth has been so exaggerated, or at least romanticized, that there is little connection between the historical facts and the often-repeated stories about Southern life. Even such a dyed-in-the-wool Yankee as the abolitionist William Ellery Channing paid homage to the gentlemanly qualities he observed in Richmond while he was a tutor there:

> I blush for my own people when I compare the selfish prudence of a Yankee with the generous confidence of a Virginian. . . . There is one single trait which attaches me to the people here more than all the virtues of New England. They love money less than we do. Their patriotism is not tied to their purse strings.

Such was the confidence and patriotism of John Esten Cooke (1830-1886), whose novels left an indelible mark on the Virginia mind. Born in Winchester and educated in Richmond, he was the son of John Rogers Cooke and Maria Pendleton. Much of his youth was spent in the Valley, in and around the family place, Glengary. Later he studied law in his father's office, and was admitted to the bar in 1851. But bolstered up by acceptance from the *Southern Literary Messenger* and *Harper's*, he decided to become a writer. One has only to note Poe's tragic career to perceive how difficult a profession it was in 19th-century America. That Cooke was so successful, and at the same time so faithful to the historical material he dealt with, is a tribute to his great talent.

Always prolific, he produced two of his best novels in 1854, his first full writing year: *Leather Stocking and Silk* and *The Virginia Comedians*. These two influential books are connecting links between the early Virginian novelists (such as Caruthers, Kennedy, and Tucker) and later figures like Page, Cabell, and Glasgow. "My aim," Cooke recorded for posterity, "has been to paint the Virginia phase of American society, to do for the Old Dominion what Cooper has done for the Indians, Simms for the Revolutionary drama in South Carolina, Irving for the Dutch Knickerbockers, and Hawthorne for the Puritan life of New England." His work over the next decade attests to his success. *Ellie; or the Human Comedy* (1855), *The Last of the Foresters* (1856), and *Henry St. John, Gentleman* (1859) showed America what the Cavalier was like, and how the gentleman lived. And the War Between the States, which cut into Cooke's promising literary career, gave him the chance to show how the Cavalier behaved in battle.

An ardent secessionist and admirer of J.E.B. Stuart, Cooke served with brilliance throughout the war, and buried his spurs at Appomattox. Somehow, during all the campaigning, the young novelist was able to write and publish *The Life of Stonewall Jackson* (1863). As dashing and colorful as the famous General Stuart with whom he rode, Cooke read by firelight books captured from the Yankee armies. He never allowed enemy forces to interfere with his meals, continuing to eat from a plate near his horse until the Yankees were within two hundred yards. Then he would gulp down his coffee and gallop away. No wonder his friends associated him with the Cavaliers he invented with his pen!

Fortunately, we have a passage in John Esten Cooke's own handwriting that describes his efforts at wartime writing:

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I tried to write in a tent, on the
outpost; the enemy yonder,
almost in view—but with
Jackson, alas, no longer in front.
Oh to write in a quiet study,
with no enemies anywhere in
view!

His wartime experiences formed the basis of Cooke's postwar novels, which are still read and loved in the South today. *Surry of Eagle's Nest* (1866) and its sequel, *Mohun* (1869), were thrilling adventure stories of Virginia under fire. *Wearing of the Gray* (1867) and *Hammer and Rapier* (1871) are collections of military essays. *A Life of General Robert E. Lee* (1871) saw him reach the peak of his power. Cooke had written Lee about the project before the general's death, and the long, sympathetic work he produced gave the most coherent picture and summary of Lee's military career that was to be done in Cooke's generation.

Meanwhile, in 1867, Cooke married Mary Francis, and settled at The Briars in Clarke County. Here, surrounded by his three children and friends, he divided his time between writing and farming. *The Heir of Gaymount*, an 1870 novel, suggested that modern farming was the long hope of the postwar South. Equally interesting is *My Lady Pokahontas*, which appeared in 1885. Cooke purports to be writing in the 17th century, using a diary of the time. The book is not only a landmark in the treatment of the Pocahontas story, but in the treatment of the American Indian as well.

Part of the great 20th-century vogue for historical novels must surely be attributed to Cooke. "He was," A.A. Link observed, "at heart a chivalric Cavalier, who idealized the past and was unreservedly devoted to Virginia. His books are what he wished them to be—entertaining and pure." Two historical studies, *Stories of the Old Dominion* (1879) and *Virginia: A History of the People* (1883) merely confirm Link's view. A more recent scholar, Dr. Beaty, has gone even further in connecting present romantic notions of Virginia and the work of Cooke: "Partly through his own books but more particularly through his influence, Cooke is responsible for the idea of older Virginia held by the Virginians of today."

While busily engaged with new novels Cooke was stricken by typhoid fever, and died in his fifty-sixth year. His had been a full and a good life, and the influence of his writing spread far beyond his own ken and age. He understood and believed in his native Virginia, its origins, motives, and actions. To him it was sacred soil—the home of a special breed of men:

> Thus, Virginia, "the last country belonging to England that submitted to obedience to the Commonwealth," was the place for the Cavalier people. It was a haven of refuge in the pitiless storm; and all through the homeland was so dreary, the "distressed" fugitives were stealing out of the country, and sailing with sad or glad hearts Virginiaward.

Despite the fact that such prose sounds hopelessly romantic in this age of hard-boiled realism, Virginians continue to read and to defend it. James Branch Cabell, who carried the Cavalier Tradition well into the 20th century, summed the matter up: "Our native writers are not perfect. Even so, they are ours, and we do not care to have them dispraised by outsiders."

The War Between the States destroyed Virginia's hope of political and social domination; but it only accentuated the nostalgia for former glory. People always want to go back to the Good Old Days. Probably the first cave man talked of the time when a fellow didn't have to spend his life in a hole in the ground. All men pine for a lost Eden. But just as surely as the South lost the battles on the land, so did she win the battles in the mind. In the balmy atmosphere of that second victory, Virginia and her sister states bask today.

The first war was a military one. It was fought with blood and guts and shrapnel, and left us with the vision of Appomattox. The second war was a literary war. It was fought with metaphors and nostalgia and fiction, and left us with the vision of Scarlett O'Hara. Every best-seller list brings the same news from the front. The Yankees are everywhere in retreat. Rebels who could not win with Lee and Longstreet have renewed the struggle on another front and, like the Greeks of old, though conquered led captive their conqueror.

The publication of Margaret Mitchell's *Gone With the Wind* made 1936 a year of sweet revenge. Though less pure than the earlier Southern heroines, Scarlett O'Hara got a lot further in the long run. This fastest-selling novel in our publishing history sold fifty thousand copies in one day, and over one and one-half million during the first year. After sweeping over the United States it crossed oceans and was translated into nearly thirty languages. To most of the world Twelve Oaks is the American Southland.

Twelve Oaks, you may ask, or Tobacco Road? Has not the moonlight and-magnolia South given way, fictionally speaking, to decadence, violence, and ruin? Have not William Faulkner, Erskine Caldwell, Tennessee Williams, and Carson McCullers damned the honeysuckle? Not exactly; actually they have transformed the sweet flowers into *fleurs du mal*. Romantic themes are equally compelling when inverted. We like Baudelaire as well as Wordsworth, Poe as well as Lanier; they are all romantics. For as William Gilbert put it,

> There's a fascination frantic
> In a ruin that's romantic
> Do you think you are
> sufficiently decayed?

More recent Southern novels are sufficiently decayed. Tom Lehrer, the Harvard pundit, finds the Sordid South no less luring than the Saccharine South:

> I wanna go back to Alabammy,
> Back to the arms of my dear
> ol' Mammy,
> Her cookin's lousy and her
> hands are clammy
> But what the hell, it's home.

And so the new Southern army not only hangs on, but advances. The rallying cry is "tradition." Unfortunately, not all who shout it know what it means, or where fact stops and fiction takes over. But they do know where the arrow points: back to the Golden Age. Eden is gone now, never to return. Oh well, one can at least remember.

In Virginia we're very good at that.

Marshall W. Fishwick is a professor of English at Virginia Polytechnic in Blacksburg.

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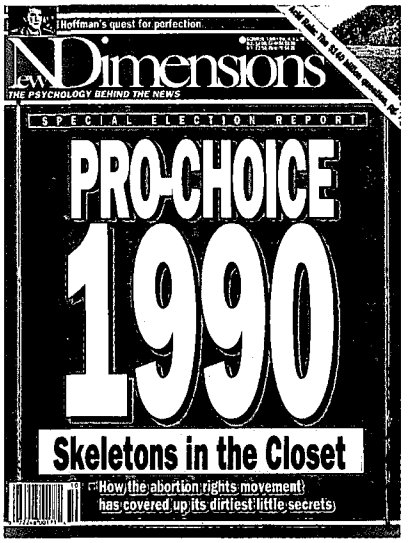
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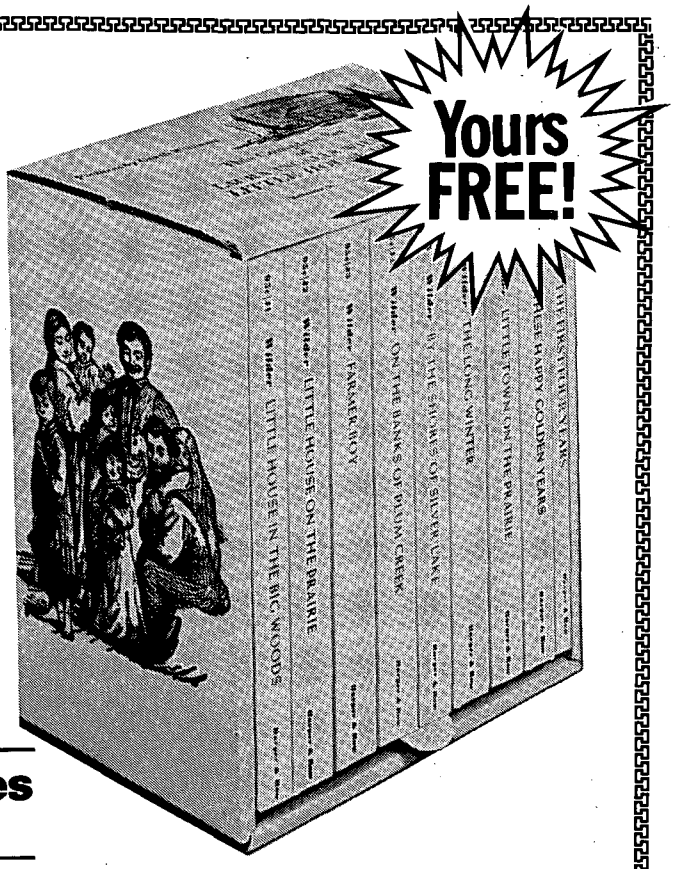
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